

DIVINITY

VOLUME TWO NUMBER TWO • £4.50 • ADULTS ONLY



GET READY FOR A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE



Divine Press

P.O. Box 108 Stockport Cheshire SK1 4DD England

Sermon Number Six: SUCK ON THIS

by David Flint

y
eah, yeah yeah...I know. We're late.

A begrudging, muttered apology to all who've waited with admirable patience. But hey, life is *hard*, and what with all that ritual sacrificing of the handful of children that we don't supply with computer snuff-porn keeping us busy, putting this issue together has taken rather longer than expected. And then there's the other work that has been keeping your humble editor whirling like the proverbial dervish. Hammering out the long-awaited SAVAGE EYE, available any minute now via Nemesis Books...organising the splendiferous and cool-as-fuck DIVINITY club, now taking place on a monthly(ish) basis in the heart of Manchester. There's more shameless self-promotion about this elsewhere in this issue, but suffice to say here that the opening night was a gas, gas, gas, and the best is yet to come. Still, there will be those distressed at being denied their three-monthly fix of psycho-erotica for so long. Complain if you must - it'll do you no good.

And you can complain, too, about the price rise, and we here at Divine Towers will simply sit back and sneer. You *knew* it had to come, it was just a matter of time...and those of you who subscribed last time around can sit back with a self-satisfied smirk on your faces, knowing that you timed things just perfectly...

And you can't say that we're all take, take, take. See those extra pages. Feel that paper. Who else offers so much for so little? No, don't answer that...

So this is the "new look" DIVINITY. Fitter, stronger, better equipped to survive in a free market economy. Feast on it, children, and thank your lucky stars that we are still around to guide you through your miserable lives.

a DIVINE PRESS publication. Volume Two Number Two (issue six). Autumn 1993. Published four times a year. DP10.

EDITOR: David Flint

LAYOUT & ART DIRECTION:

Nick Cairns at On Line Publishing (0602) 607116

PUBLICITY & EDITORIAL ASSISTANCE:

Sal Votable

CONTRIBUTORS

Paul Buck, Raymond Charver, Mark Day, Tim Greaves, Wendy Hopewell-Ash, Ian Kerkhof, Doris Kloster, Tuppy Owens, Cathy Pacific, Adam Parfrey, Deborah Ryder, Zuzana Seščíková, C.B. Walker, Master Williams, Sal Volatile.

THANKS TO

Connoisseur Video, Redemption Films, First Independent, Reflective Film Distribution, Simitar, Aktiv Video, Rogers & Cowan PSA, Alison Hargreaves Associates, Arthur Sheriff, Wayward (Kara), Tommy Boy, Creation Press, Nemesis Books, Skin Two (Michelle Olley), Atlas Press, AK Press, Prometheus Books, Castle Communications, Dedicated, Roadrunner, Work In Progress, Sentrax, Savoy, Turnaround Distribution, ICA Press Office (Melissa), NFT Press Office, Lydia Lunch, Chris Connelly, Quentin Tarantino, Housk Randall, Tuppy Owens, Mark and Andy at Paradise Factory, John Maddox, Maureen and Isabella, Torture Garden, N.A.F.F., Marquis' Masquerade, Chain Gang Promotions, Fetish, Slippery When Wet, Ian Kerkhof, Stefan Kwiatkowski, Nigel Wingrove, Paul Anthony Woods, Michael Goss, Deborah Ryder, Marc Morris, Paul Everett, Sarah Barratt, John Garner, Steve Ellison, Stephen Cremin, Cathal Tohill, Bill Fleming.

COVER

Front:

Lydia Lunch

photo © Doris Kloster

Inside Front:

photo © Master Williams

Back:

Photo © Master Williams

All stills © copyright owners. Other contents © DIVINE PRESS 1993 and individual contributors. This magazine should not be sold or shown to minors. Opinions and ideas expressed in DIVINITY are those of the individual contributors and do not necessarily correlate with those of the editor. Correspondence is actively encouraged. Advertising rates available on request.

Correspondence

More crazed rantings from the minds of madmen

I have seen **MR ARASHI'S STRANGE WORLD** at one or two comix shops in central London, so it is in fact available on these shores, it is just a matter of keeping your eyes open.

The inverted woman in the Trevor Brown illo for the Ryder advert must have incredibly strong stomach muscles. I work out, and could probably hold that position for the better part of a minute but I certainly wouldn't be able to concentrate on something like oral sex at the same time!

According to Susie Bright, Holocaust imagery is incredibly popular under-the-table porn in Israel. I would never have predicted that, but once it became known to me it seemed so obvious: Westerners always fetishise the forbidden. Certainly every masochistic woman I've been involved with had fairly grotesque relationships with their families, and I've always assumed this to be close to universal, but maybe not. I consider the statement however that there is a shortage of men dominants truly ludicrous: one sees ads for them in the classifieds all the time; once when I did write to a submissive woman who had placed an ad of that sort she wrote back that she had received close to three hundred replies. Every article about the scene I've ever read up to now has supported this observation, though Pat Califia has written that there is a shortage of dominant women in the lesbian scene; organisations such as Contact Centre certainly wouldn't offer women free ads unless there was a shortage of such in general; and my one visit to the Hellfire Club when I was back in the States revealed a glut of unattached male dominants. That's one reason I've never bothered to get involved with the scene myself – not feeling up to the competition – aside from the fact that I have often personally disliked submissive women that I've met, but that is another story (I'm not looking for "love" but at least "interest").

I can't believe that Paul Conrad threw all those swell magazines out...I would have given him...hell, two or three quid for the lot.

One of the things I was surprised not to see in the article about **PORKY'S** is the incredible misanthropy in the series. I caught most of them on late night TV and was appalled not just by the sexism but that the main point of the movies is that one should play vicious practical jokes on anyone who gets between you and what you want. The gang's feud with the pimp Porky is most curious for the fact that Porky is clearly in the right, but that's ignored by the narrative. I don't imagine anyone is going to have their minds warped by the series but it still bothered me. **REVENGE OF THE NERDS** wasn't overly misanthropic but was more obviously sexist, from the rape of the head jock's girlfriend (which she enjoys, whereupon transferring her affections to the head nerd and making herself nothing more than a trophy in the story) to the sexual humiliation of the women in the dorm by the main characters selling nude pictures of them. Also note that however icky the male nerds are, they are at least individuated; where we see a sorority of female nerds, they're all alike: fat and plain.

Mikel Norwitz
London

This is just part of a lengthy and fascinating letter from Mikel, who also admits to liking The Monkees more than Sonic Youth – not that there's anything wrong with that!

I enjoyed to hear an intelligent approach towards the book **SEX** by people who understand and appreciate the book for what it is, as opposed to the bollox printed in newspapers and magazines who have absolutely no idea what they're talking about. I was also quite surprised at my curious interest in the "New Gay Cinema" article.

My favourite article was probably "Blood And Fish Skin In High School". I felt that this article was essential reading, despite being of no real relevance to me. I was

really pleased to have noticed that the article was by a woman. I just loved the personal touch that she added, and that's where I thought the article could never have been bettered by a man. I really appreciated it and look forward very much to any future articles.

C. Lewis
Gwent

I raised a wry smile at the "Flirting With Flexi-Sex" article by Bill McBride, mainly because it brought back memories of an actively misspent youth in the early Eighties. I actually had a couple of those **RUSTLER flexi's** but unfortunately they seem to have gotten mislaid over the years. I also recall from that era the Paul Raymond organisation producing a couple of eye-catching schemes, namely a series of 3-D photo spreads supplied with the appropriate tacky coloured glasses. Not a great success, given that these magazines were usually obtained second or third hand and did absolutely nothing for your eyesight without the specs – although, it has to be said, were they much better with them? RTL's scheme with their **TUTTI FRUTTI** programme a decade later didn't fare much better – I mean, the girls didn't exactly reach out and touch you, did they!

The second scam, I suppose, was a forerunner of the 0898 telephone sex thing. I recall getting a copy of **MEN ONLY** and a telephone number being splattered over the accompanying photo spread of a femme called "Rachel" (I think) and when you dialled the number and finally got through (not an 0898 in those days, just a standard STD code) you were treated to a brief recorded message of a scouse girl (a dialect picked with particular precision, I suspect) expounding the delights of her "creamy white thighs" and other similar attributes – not exactly ear blistering but amusing enough when viewed with the accompanying pictures, although not recommended for use in a telephone box or other public areas. Still, it did help pass the

time at work and come in useful for practical jokes, etc.

Barry Fuller
Ipswich

Ahh yes, I remember both scams only too well. The 3-D in CLUB INTERNATIONAL was actually quite effective, although only in monochrome. As for TUTTI FRUTTI, they seemed to have failed to grasp the basic principle behind three dimensional erotica. Their system had the girls "flat" and the background in 3-D...! The phone sex was pretty short lived, thanks to the Powers That Be clamping down. Wouldn't happen today of course, oh no...

◆
Never one to pass up an opportunity to be seen splitting hairs in public, I would like to point out to Paul Condon that my letter in DIVINITY #4 regarding "Hakim Bey" was not meant as some sort of reprimand; I merely wanted to direct Mr. Condon's attention to "Bey"'s view of S&M culture - I don't see how he can interpret this as an "authoritarian announcement", by, or on behalf of, the, ahem, Esoteric Order of Dagon, or whoever.

I would like to thank him for mentioning NOX (a "crap occult journal" I edit and produce) in such an exalted mag as DIVINITY. Especially as a relaunch is imminent due to the success of my mega-serious new book, MONSTROUS CULTS. In this regard, I'd like to mention that part of the fun in occultism is in taking it far too seriously. I don't mind playing "straight-man" to Mr Condon's "comedian" if life is more comfortable for him that way.

The Adam Parfrey article/interview was enlightening. I can empathise with Sal Volatile's enthusiasm over APOCALYPSE CULTURE; I too can remember the first time I saw this revolutionary book, sometime early in 1988. Needless to say I bought it straight away. DIVINITY readers might like to know Parfrey's "Weird Sex Cults" article, off mentioned in the interview, has been reprinted in ERO TERRA mag #2, along with a short interview with its author - available in the UK from T.O.P.Y. London, P.O. Box 1455, London, N4 1JT @ £4.00.

Stephen Sennitt
S. Yorkshire

◆
My fellow DIVINITY readers beware! As a result of a review in Volume 2 Number 1 I contacted Ian Kerkhof for details of his work and he was kind enough to supply me with further reviews etc. I then ordered from Holland a copy of TIE IAN KERKHOF COLLECTION VOLUME 1 which was promptly seized by those stalwart defenders of public decency at Her Majesty's Customs and Excise. The reviewer finished with the comment "a word of warning though - UK customs might not look too kindly on these movies." There is no "might" about it!

Although in the end I decided not to contest their decision, confining myself to a stiff (!) letter of protest to them, the good thing to come out of it was the help and advice freely given by groups such as the Libertarian Alliance (of which I was already a member), Feminists Against Censorship and most of all NCROPA - National Campaign for the Reform of the Obscene Publications Act. It's nice to know that you're not alone in your fight against the "moral majority"!

The law needs to be changed, and I would urge people to write to their MP's to try and counterbalance the authoritarian and evangelical fanatics that cluster around the likes of Mrs Whitehouse and who so easily intimidate our often spineless representatives. We should not let ourselves surrender to fatalistic despair; if many years ago Parliament could take the surely much greater step of legalizing homosexuality, albeit with severe and unjust restrictions, I remain optimistic that it can be persuaded to cease interfering in other aspects of people's private lives. Justice is on our side!

Nigel Meek
Kent

◆
I've just finished reading the fifth issue of DIVINITY (Vol. 2 No. 1) and just felt compelled to write.

I'm extremely impressed, you'll be pleased to know, it gets my seal of approval. One thing I'm not 100% happy with is the title, think you could have done with something with more bite! Here's a couple of suggestions if you ever consider a change: ORIENTAL NUN EXPLOITATION (SWEDISH EROTICA shorts don't have any Swedes in do they?), AUTOEROTIC ACTIVITY and (my favourite, this one) GIRLS

SWALLOW SEMEN! (Thanks, but I'll stick with DIVINITY for now...Ed).

Trevor Brown has become my new hero due to his coverage on Japanese S/M, bondage torture videos. Those crazy Japs, I love 'em! You've done some fascinating interviews, the best by far was with Jack Baker (Juh? - Ed). Extremely sad to read Boedil had committed suicide. Do remember reading about WIIFY? being shown at the Cannes film festival years ago. Don't suppose it'll ever be shown here.

Rather distressed recently to see that sexual piece of dynamite Amanda Donohoe did not play Lady Chatterly in Ken Russell's TV adaptation of Lawrence's novel! Only saw the first episode and found Joely Richardson as exciting as a wet sandwich.

Even more baffling is the news that teenage girls are clearing all copies of the novel from libraries, and book stores announce sales are booming?

Coming back to the subject of exciting actresses (if we must...Ed), my vote for most sexy actress of 93 so far is, Sherilyn Fenn, even without arms and legs in BOXING BERTHA (WHAT??? - Ed)!

One question I must ask: whatever happened to that bizarre and rather frightening character Swillmaster G? Destined for some sort of underground stardom I guess (for the uninitiated, said Swillmaster was a penis worshipper who achieved a minor cult following after a salacious appearance in the letters page of SHEER FILTH some years ago...Ed). Unfortunately, this will be the very last time yourself, or anyone else will hear from me. Goodbye David, forever!

The Sleaze Kid

Phew...

THE FIRST IRANIAN PENPAL MAGAZINE

Free photo listing, checking
copy 3 US\$ or 5 IRCs to:

KIANOUSH PENPAL MAGAZINE

P.O. BOX 15875-5657,
TEHRAN, IRAN

Portrait of the Artist as a Young God

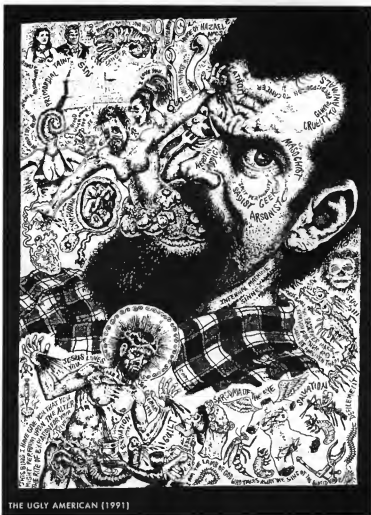
Sal Volatile pours over the explosive new collection of art from Joe Coleman

Laughing Chas' Manson approvingly calls him, "a caveman in a spaceship" and truly New York artist Joe Coleman paints up a pained geekfest of visually almost matchless in its reeking modern elementalism.

Coleman's probably best known in this nation for his fearsome cover art for that handbook of metaphysical hate and war, **APOCALYPSE CULTURE**. On that legendary frontpiece an L.A. cop assaults a woman in full grinning beastliness against a background of the City of Angels busily blowing itself apart. It's the perfect correlative for the hellish expositions that Adam Parfrey explores in the book. Coleman's ever-surging and self-raging imagination somehow manages to encompass all the psychopathology packed into the characters' seething brainspaces.

Parfrey's Feral House imprint has, in just under a decade, become the most primarily vital publisher in our wild West. And in tandem with Fantagraphics Books has produced this handsome and extensive collection of colour and b/w work by America's most (un)wanted living artist.

Coleman was the original joker activist featured in the *Re/Search PRANKS* issue when he attended his school re-union party and calmly proceeded to explode himself in an act that he had seemingly been perfecting over a number of years. Accomplished with the aid of several sticks of strategically placed damage-limiting explosives, Coleman would prime the fuses and then set the controls for the heart of the fun! The full extent of this death-dicing can be seen in the US movie, **MONDO NEW YORK**. By all accounts it makes for a pretty hairy horrorshow.



The basis of Coleman's canvas-visions lies in his fascination with Carnie culture, that well travelled dust road of America's circus past covering the souped up art and craft of freak-showing and fairground sensationalism. Coleman sees all human life and death vividly caught up in the gawping horrors of the Carnie and translates his love of the roadshow into an updated series of spectacularly inflamed portraits and tableaux.

From the evidence of photos included along with the bodytext, Coleman's own apartment appears to be given over in part to a variety of Carnie collectables ranging from jars of malformed infants to display letters from the big daddy of sicko serial-killers, Albert Fish (the child-killer cannibal who shoved needles into his crotch!) There is also an extensive and characteristically insightful interview that kicks off the collection with Parfrey delving deep into the many background forces that led Coleman to his present fever pitch of artistic mind-bombing.

Coleman's obsessions are as seemingly various and anguishedly lurid as his paintings. There's a constant eruptive cadaverous quality to much of what he portrays and a colour quality that manages almost to ape the swarming skintones of worn, hurt flesh at its furthest extremes

of corruption.

What the work most brings to mind is perhaps a sort of artistic bestiary similar to those waxwork displays which medical schools keep hidden away for educative purposes, or those on occasional public display like the infamous "black-museum" of venereal diseases in Blackpool where Peter Sutcliffe got his jollies poring over reconstructions of doomed human flesh gone to hell with syphilitic excess. There is also a whiff of the Mutter Museum displays in Philadelphia (see previous **DIVINITY**) that also gather together these types of oddities in a serene mass display of agony and disease. Certainly Coleman makes us feel that he wants to gather these disparate elements together for a purpose; to make us comprehend and ultimately really feel something about what he's doing.

Anxious because of his performance background not simply to be labelled a shockart eunio, Coleman is forceful in his insistence on the sheer human emotion that informs his work. He sees his aggressive artistic profanities not as easy digs at a morally marooned society but as gasps and warnings to be bellowed out in the hopes of betterment. Coleman knows the chances of redemption are slim but won't stifle his own outrages. In any form.

One quibble... The spread of the artwork gives the impression that in real life the canvases are all around three to four foot regular rectangular frames. Since the book format is A4 it somehow encourages the reader to imagine that the paintings have a much bigger display size than on the printed page. Apparently this is not the case. A proportion of the work is in fact miniature and it would have been good to know the dimensions of each picture (alongside the given medium details) just in order to get a better idea of Coleman's considerable skill in detailing his works.

As an introduction (or conclusion perhaps) to several phases of Coleman's (cadaverous) body of work, this is required reading. With little information - visual or otherwise - about the man existing currently in Britain this has got to be first-word reference text on the story so far. And there's bound to be plenty of hell to pay with Coleman in coming years!

• Next Issue: Joe Coleman interviewed.

COSMIC RETRIBUTION: THE INFERNAL ART OF JOE COLEMAN is available from FeralHouse/Fantagraphics Books, price \$22.95.



NAKED LUNCH

David Flint meets confrontationalist artist Lydia Lunch

It might sound like a typical bit of DIVINITY hyperbole to call Lydia Lunch one of the most important artists of the last fifteen years, but it happens to be true. Love her or hate her (and there seems little room for ambivalence in her case), it's hard to ignore the body of work that she has produced. Escaping an abusing father, at the age of sixteen, Lydia found herself fronting New York "No Wave" band Teenage Jesus And The Jerks, screaming out vocals over a fast, harsh guitar thrash. This was followed by a dalliance with Beirut Slump, before leading on to Eight Eyed Spy, a grinding, thrusting, sweating combo that lived fast and died young. Since then, Lydia's musical work, often in collaboration with others, has taken a variety of turns, from the jazz influenced QUEEN OF SIAM, through the gothic murmurings of 13.13 and the erotic tribal beating of STINKFIST, through to the "bitch-metal" supergroup Harry Crews and the almost commercial sound of SILOTGUN WEDDING. On these recordings, Lydia collaborated with some of the finest names in independent music—Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore and Kim Gordon, Rowland S. Howard, Clint Ruin, and others.

But music is only part of Lydia's career, and one that has grown increasingly less important as years go by. She's been an active member of the underground film scene (the so-called "Cinema of Transgression") since the late Seventies, working initially with punk movie director Beth B, then joining forces with Richard Kern in the mid-Eighties to make the brutal classics RIGHT SIDE OF MY BRAIN and FINGERED, two sexually explicit and violent shorts that explored the bleak world of dark desire in uncompromising fashion. FINGERED in particular is recommended as the underground film of the Eighties.

In 1982, she wrote her first book, ADULTERERS ANONYMOUS, a collection of poetic musing written with Exene Cervenka and published by Grove Press. A couple of years later, the cassette



PHOTO © Denis Kornier

only release **THE UNCENSORED LYDIA LUNCH** marked her debut in the Spoken Word field. This collection of stories offered a dark and disturbing look at the fetid underbelly of American culture, never more so than on the track **DADDY DEAREST**, which tells in terrifying detail how, as a child, she was sexually abused by her father. The first time that I heard this emotionally raw piece, I felt shell-shocked. The impact was immediate, the sense of horror and despair overwhelming. It remains the most gut-wrenching thing that I've ever heard.

Much of Lydia's career in the latter part of the Eighties was taken up with Spoken Word performance. In July this year, after

an unusually long absence, Lydia returned to the recording scene with **CRIMES AGAINST NATURE**, an essential three CD collection of Spoken Word material. Included are **DADDY DEAREST**, and extracts from her live recordings **ORAL FIXATION** and **CONSPIRACY OF WOMEN**, the latter her most political work to date, recorded as a reaction to the Gulf War and what she perceived as the male celebration of violence. Other essential tracks include **THE BEAST**, an extended version of a piece first heard on the compilation **OUR FATHERS WHO AREN'T IN HEAVEN**. For anyone curious about her work, this collection is a perfect introduction. It's a limited edition

of a thousand, packaged in a specially designed silkscreened box, and coincides with the publication of **INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE** (Last Gasp Press), a written collection of some of Lydia's finest works, including the stage play **SOUTH OF YOUR BORDER**.

Lydia Lunch made a rare visit to Britain at the end of June for a handful of performances to coincide with the CD release. All were Spoken Word, although a couple of shows were backed with the music of special guest Rowland S. Howard. **DIVINITY** talked to Lydia during the soundcheck for the June 25th show at Camden's Underworld.



Tell us what you've been up to recently. Things have been fairly quiet for the last couple of years.

Well, recently I was teaching at the San Francisco Art Institute's Performance Video Workshop, which was very interesting, considering I dropped out of high school in the tenth grade. The theme of the workshop I did was just Empowerment, Fearlessness and Doing It, and not worrying about what the artefact is, or what medium you're using as an artefact, you still have to start with the concept. That's what I am, a conceptualist. So, use whatever format is available to you, instead of waiting for the big fuckin' record contract, or a grant, or any of that bullshit. Everything I've ever done has been totally self-sufficient. I use record companies to distribute my records because I don't want every fuckin' donkey calling. I'm just trying to encourage people to go out and fuckin' do it, especially in the Spoken Word format, because, you know, it's the oldest tradition of art, yet still it's not recognised, and there's still as few people doing it now as there ever was. I don't know why, especially, more women don't do it, as opposed to more lousy fuckin' third generation post-punk crap-core, which I do not endorse...I'm just trying to inspire people to fuckin' get up and do it. And this country could use a big fuckin' kick in the ass about that too, because all people wanna do here is have that sleazy fuckin' teenage band that's gonna make them a million dollars in the charts. I think that's pretty fucking pathetic ambition. I mean, my ambition is to tell the truth. You can't really say that about too many acts in this country, because they don't deal with reality.

I have so many mediums in which to channel my frustration, hatred and anger, I don't necessarily have to take it out on myself or my immediate circle anymore."

The whole British music scene stinks. I really loathe these tedious indie kids who think that they're the hippest thing around because they listen to whoever the NME picks as this weeks cover icons. All those indie-pop bands sound the same...

Let 'em go...but I've been concentrating on Spoken Word, and mostly at universities, although to me, I'd rather start at high schools, because I think that's where people really need it more desperately than by the time they've gone to college and are ruined for the rest of their lives. But now, I have a CD out today called **CRIMES AGAINST NATURE**, a triple Spoken Word CD which is a compilation of stuff I've done, mostly live recordings, and some studio stuff...and that's what I've basically been concentrating on. That and comics and the written word.

What about music? Any further plans in that direction?

Yes, I'll do music again, I always do, but to me - the last album I did was with Rowland, **SIOTGUN WEDDING**, just to try to evoke the spirit of New Orleans as I felt it, not the traditional, bogus concept

we love from afar, but to really get the romantic and luscious side down. As far as what my next musical concept will be, it's probably going to be word-oriented - illustrated word is what I call it. The single I did with Clawfist, which came out as a limited edition called **UNEARTHLY DELIGHTS**, and which is word-based, but with some music in the background, I'd like to do something like that.

Is a Spoken Word performance easier than touring with a band?

Easy has nothing to do with it. It's not exactly easy to write a huge fuckin' speech and bare your soul and talk about all the things that other people only complain about, to try and articulate the frustrations of everyone...

But more satisfactory...

It's more important. Music is not very important to me at this point, especially the state of music. For instance, what I'm doing tonight is more like illustrated word. It's not a rant, it's not a monologue, it's more poetry, which I rarely get a chance to perform live, because if I have the opportunity to do Spoken Word live, it usually has to be a speech, it has to be something very relative to what's going on. But this opportunity with Rowland is good for me because it's more spontaneous and more poetic. I write a lot of stuff like that but it usually just stays in journals because there's no place to put it except in foreign countries where they don't understand what the fuck I'm saying usually, no matter how carefully I enunciate.

I'd figured that after Henry Rollins became the new media darling recently, the Spoken

Word field might have opened up, but nothing seems to have changed.

So many people who've been in bands for so many years are so terrified to get up their without their fuckin' backdrop, you know, which I find kinda strange. If they believe in themselves and have something to fuckin' say and have a unique way to say it, then it's their fuckin' social duty to get up there and do it. It's not easy, it's very difficult – I don't really like to perform in bars or clubs with any kind of Spoken Word, because you're dealing with drunk assholes who just wanna fuck for the most part, and I'm not there to fuckin' juice them up by any means. If anything, hopefully I'll be able to paralyse their hard-on for the next six months out of fear. But I can't understand why more people who are writing lyrics...I mean, why Mark E. Smith isn't up there amazes me. I've asked him repeatedly to get up and do some stuff. But then again, maybe they're right, maybe they don't have anything to say – which is not the case with Mark E. Smith, in my opinion. He's got something to say, it's his fuckin' duty to get up there and do it. Nick Cave too – I'm the first one that forced him to use Spoken Word. His first show was a disaster, and he was horrified and nervous, but then when I saw him a few years later – because he's done so few Spoken Word shows – it was just so beautiful when he was reading from *AND THE ASS SAW THE ANGEL*. It was so powerful. It was words that screamed to be read in his voice, and that gave me some bit of satisfaction, because to me it's an important thing.

What about film work? Anything new lined up on that front?

I have a few. I'm gonna do a film with Richard Kern which, as opposed to being autobiographical like my first two, is more of a fiction piece based on three characters: a black cop, myself and my brother, who I run off with after setting this cop up. It's a lot about racism and pathological lying. It's a story told from three different points of view, so that the audience can try to figure out what the reality really is. So we're working on that – it'll be feature length too. And a have a performance video from four different shows, and that'll be coming out through *FILM THREAT*. probably in September/October.

Is any of this stuff likely to make its way over here?

Don't ask me, I'm not the distributor. I doubt it.



PHOTO © Doris Mosler

“Why my films are probably the true pornography is because they’re not meant to entice, they’re not meant to seduce – they’re not erotic. They’re brutal.”

Yeah, me too...something I'm wondering about: is your life any more satisfying now than it was, say, ten years ago?

I'd hope so, wouldn't you?

Yeah...

I hope so. I'm not as bitter or as hateful since I've been able to vent it on the public

for the past – if you wanna count – seventeen years. I have so many mediums in which to channel my frustration, hatred and anger, I don't necessarily have to take it out on myself or my immediate circle anymore. I feel a lot more...relieved. Relieved also that the world has caught up to my grotesque black vision of it, since

I started doing Spoken Word about ten years ago, and began doing political Spoken Word at that time. I see how right I was, even at that time, about the imminent destruction and complete catastrophe, the state the world was in. To me, it's like, OK, it's living up to my predictions, so that means I can start and go on with something else. I don't have to complain anymore about everything I see, because it's exactly

as I always knew it was. I can go on to something else. It's like, look, I can't do anything to change it, and just because I have the ability to articulate it doesn't mean I have to be dragged through it anymore. That's why now I'm leaving New Orleans after living there for ten and a half years. I'm moving out to the fuckin' woods. Because first of all, I'm quite sick of the world as we know it, especially cities - any

city bore me, I've been to too many. It's always the same story, it's all just too ugly, it's all just too pathetic, it's all 1977. I'm sick of the Seventies. Especially this town, it's so fuckin' putridly stagnant. It's like '93, let's get real. '93 to me means it's time to get the fuck away from everything that conspires to monopolise my pleasure and get as selfish as I truly am, which means to live in a cult of one or two. I know what pleases me, I know what makes me happy and I know that I can be in a place and in a position where I don't have to be constantly polluted by the poison and puss of everyone else. How can I *not* be satisfied...? I know what I want.

And you know you're going to get it.

And I know I'll get it. Same way I've gotten everything that I've wanted.

One thing you haven't had is much hassle from the authorities, compared to other confrontational artists.

The reason they leave me alone is because I'm a small white woman with a big fucking mouth. I'm not using props or nudity. If you want to see nudity you can watch my fucking films, I'm not getting my tits out on stage until someone else gets their dick out. It's just not pertinent to what I'm saying in a Spoken Word format, although maybe I *will* show my tits tonight, now won't *that* be nice? The format that I'm doing is not performance art. I'm not a performance artist, I'm not a fuckin' artist, I'm a confrontationalist, and people who don't know what that is, especially from the right wing or from political organisations, leave me alone. I'm too fuckin' underground. It *is* shocking when they think there's a performance with women taking their clothes off and shoving things in their bodies. I don't want or need to use props in what I do, because the word is the fuckin' message.

How do you see your work in relation with performance artists like Karen Finley and Annie Sprinkle?

Well, in a sense that they're strong women and they don't avoid sexuality or the pornography of reality. Of course I feel especially kindred to Karen Finley, who *did* help me a lot, just in our friendship over the last eight years. It just gives me comfort to know that there are other women who are not shy of these subjects. Now, as far as Annie Sprinkle, I'm glad that she's doing her whole goddess trip, and that she's illuminating pornography in the right



PHOTO © Doris Klarner

sense. Of course pornography has a bad reputation – it *sucks*. You know, let's get down to reality. If more women made pornography, the whole genre might improve, but they don't. And as for my films, which are *not* erotica, they could be considered pornography, only because they are using sex...pornography isn't ugly anymore. The problem with pornography now is that it's light and it's beautiful and it's basically funny, which I don't find very interesting as a sexual experience.

It's boring.

It's boring and a lot of that has to do with the fact that about eight or ten years ago, they decided that if something's gonna be pornographic, it cannot be violent. As much violence and blood and war and death is filmed, but the minute you try to mix up sex with that, they want you to separate it. Why my films are probably the true pornography is because they're not meant to entice, they're not meant to seduce – they're not erotic. They're brutal. In those films, I'm only using sex as the reality that it is, as a field of which so much – in that period of my life – anger and hatred was vented on the opposite race, the opposite sex...yeah, the opposite of race alright, the opposite sex...and that's one thing I had to deal with in those films, which no-one else seems to have touched since. The psychology behind the willing victim, and understanding that. Yes, there is a battered women syndrome, but there are also willing victims. It was my social responsibility as a willing victim to try to understand where that comes from. That's what I tried to explain in those films – that's what I tried to get over, and that's what I tried to inspire other people to get over. I don't think it's *bad* if you're willingly masochistic or willingly sadistic, you just have to understand the motives behind it, otherwise you're as stupid as everyone else. I don't think there's any right or wrong as far as what you do to yourself or what you do to others, as long as you know the morality and the reason behind that. Which is what I had to investigate in my own life, and I used art as the fucking battling field to try to explain that, knowing it's a universal situation, not just my private little problem. But nobody wants to hear it and nobody wants to admit their own fucking guilt and the perpetration of the cycle of abuse. I'm *willing* to admit my guilt. Because I don't have any.

SM is a big taboo here...

Well, there's a big difference between



being willing and being forced.

The official line of the British authorities seems to be that they know best, and anyone who thinks that they are a willing victim is just deluded. They're not felt to be capable of making that choice.

The thing is, it really boils down to this – once a victim, always a victim. Or is that true? I mean, there's a lot of people involved in sado-masochism that were *not* victimised since the time they were children. Some people fall into masochism and sadism because it's their only revenge on what happened to them previously. That's why I think it's important for people to understand their motives and what really turns them on, you know. Even if they haven't examined their motives, it's not for anyone to tell them what's right or fucking wrong. Just understand yourself and know *why*. Also, someone that's been in pain and abused all their life, sometimes that's the only thing that's gonna fuckin' get it up for them anyway, it's just the way it is. I know from myself, I've crossed from the depths of the darkness into the fuckin' light. I've always had the light, I've always had the power of fuckin' white power and light, it's just that now I have a greater balance in my

HONEYMOON IN RED

personal life, so therefore I know what and why I'm doing everything, which I think's important, no matter what it is you're fucking doing, otherwise you are just a fucking pawn.

Being a masochist doesn't mean that you don't have control anyway.

Look, masochists are always the ones in control. Without the masochist, there is no sadist.

True. Sadists need to work damned hard to get masochists off.

Exactly. Please continue working hard.



CRIMES AGAINST NATURE

SELECTED LYDIA-OGRAPHY:



RECORDS

QUEEN OF SIAM (1980)
EIGHT EYED SPY (1981)
EIGHT EYED SPY LIVE
(1981 – ROIR cassette only release)
THE AGONY IS THE ECSTASY
(1982 – split 12" with The Birthday Party)
13.13 (1982)
IN LIMBO (1984)
THE UNCENSORED...
(1985 – cassette only release)
THE DROWNING OF LUCY HAMILTON (1985 – RIGHT SIDE OF MY BRAIN soundtrack album)
DEATH VALLEY '69
(1985 – with Sonic Youth)
HONEYMOON IN RED (1987 – with Rowland S. Howard and Thurston Moore)
HYSTERIE
(1987 – collection of early/rare material by Teenage Jesus, Beirut Slump, etc)
THE CRUMB
(1988 – with Thurston Moore)
STINKFIST (1988 – with Clint Ruin)
ORAL FIXATION (1989)



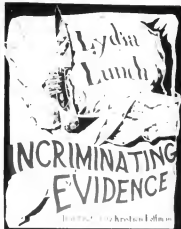
HARRY CREWS: NAKED IN GARDEN HILLS (1990 – one-off "Supergroup" with Kim Gordon and Sadie Mae)
OUR FATHERS WHO AREN'T IN HEAVEN (1990 – with Henry Rollins, Hubert Selby Jr and Don Bajema)
CONSPIRACY OF WOMEN (1990)
DON'T FEAR THE REAPER (1991 – with Clint Ruin)

SHOTGUN WEDDING

(1991 – with Rowland S. Howard)
CRIMES AGAINST NATURE (1993)
You can also get CD pairings of THE UNCENSORED.../ORAL FIXATION and IN LIMBO/THE DROWNING OF LUCY HAMILTON.

FILM

ROME, VORTEX, BLACK BOX, THE OFFENDERS, THANATOPOS, BEAUTY BECOMES THE BEAST, SHE HAD HER GUN ALREADY, KISS NAPOLEON GOODBYE, RIGHT SIDE OF MY BRAIN, FINGERED, SUBMIT TO ME, THE GUN IS LOADED, THE WILD WILD WORLD OF LYDIA LUNCH, MONDO NEW YORK, THE INVISIBLE THREAD, BBQ DEATH SQUAD.



BOOKS

ADULTERERS ANONYMOUS (with Exene Cervenka)
INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE
AS.FIX.E.8

There are also guest appearances on other peoples records, compilations, stage performances, and more. Dig deep and search hard for most of this stuff.

Fucking Andrea Dworkin

Adam Parfrey takes on the Moby Dick of Political Correctness...

You've seen the section in bookstores—Women's Studies, a jumble of man-hating novels and essays; lesbian propaganda disguised as clinical research into straight sex lives; the "blessed-be's" and hairy-legged tracts of so-called "white witches"; cunt colouring books; coy celebrations of menstruation and other uterine mysteries; spurious archaeology fabricating a golden, peaceful age of matriarchy; and, most alarmingly, violent screeds screaming for male genocide. Very few males blunder into this "pedagogy of the oppressed", fewer still actually ingest the suffocatingly righteous blithering.

Not that they're invited to. Women's Studies are the studies of women by women for women, a gender-exclusive club appropriating the wardrobe of third world-style rhetoric. This is the language of the victim, a screeching vocabulary of complaint and revolt against the despotic tyranny of men. Males, being despots, are not welcome to enter into dialogue with the Women's Studies club unless they check their testosterone at the door, guiltily accept the "bad guy" rap, and cluck their tongues against the miscreants of their own gender who stubbornly deny female superiority. These de-juiced males can be viewed to best advantage in college towns, their concave chests cuddling the bastard offspring of Birkenstock-shod mates who are busy passing out petitions for the removal of PENTHOUSE from convenience stores.

During my own college days, misspent in a feminist stronghold 90 miles south of San

Francisco, I observed backsliding impulses among even the staunchest "sisters", a yearning, one might even say *craving*, for men who weren't (I often heard them use this word) wimps. Gloria Steinem would go ashen at the sight of this river of liberal arts cooze virtually throwing themselves at males who hadn't succumbed to the program and were thus capable of ardor in their fucking, men who were (by feminist definition) pigs. In fact, the weak-willed males, hang-dog looking with scraggly beards and wire-rimmed glasses, so sympathetic to the feminist struggle, received the major share of female contempt. They were tolerated as toadies and taken to bed as cut-rate dildos. A dozen years have passed since those disheartening days spent under the spectre of stentorian vaginas and pipsqueak penises. Since then, there seems to have been a gradual return to male and female archetypes, to scenarios of mystery and seduction. Of the former feminists, the more attractive of them got down to the business of finding and keeping a mate, while, in most cases, the less attractive grew more sophisticated and militant in their man-hatred. Do not presume, amidst these generalities, the disappearance of victimized rhetoric from the lip-glossed mouths of one-time suffragettes. That would be asking too much. A feminist litany remains ever at hand to badger and browbeat husbands and boyfriends into sheepish admission of female moral superiority.

The brow-beaters are what I term the Integrationist Feminists, those who like their

cock on call. The Segregationist Feminists are harridans who don't like cock at all.

The talented and vociferous Andrea Dworkin may be the uncrowned queen of Segregationist Feminism in its present incarnation. Her book **INTERCOURSE** has become the touchstone of contemporary feminist theory. Part literary criticism, part propaganda, and all elegant hysteria, **INTERCOURSE** was written to further a simple program: to intellectually convince women to avoid the admittance of the male generative organ into connective friction with the vagina. And that's not all, fellas. Don't touch, but for God's sake, don't look either. **PORNOGRAPHY**, Dworkin's earlier tract, advanced her conviction that hardcore pornography and softcore men's magazines together fuel homicidal violence against women. And for all her leftist caterwauling, Dworkin's authoring of anti-pornography legislation has slipped her under the same sheets as such reactionary bedfellows as Edward Meese's Commission on Pornography and Tipper Gore's Parents Music Resources Board.

Don't make the mistake of confusing Dworkin's underdog vocabulary with empathy for anyone but her own kind. In **INTERCOURSE**, Dworkin bases her equation of racism with heterosexual sex on the work of James Baldwin, a black homosexual. (The phallic braggarts of the Black Panther school she must, of course, pass by without so much as a word.) This is the same Dworkin who spells America with a "K" throughout her books, masking her own tyrannical will to prohibit other

peoples' happiness with the argot of the oppressed. She descends to calling vital males "National Socialists", and the women who love them, "collaborators". "That collaboration," she rants in *INTERCOURSE*, "fully manifested when a woman values her lover, the National Socialist, above any woman, anyone of her own kind or class or status, may have simple beginnings: the first act of complicity that destroys self-respect, the capacity for self-determination and freedom — readying the body for the fuck instead of for freedom." In other words, Dworkin denies the bond of the male-female relationship, taunting women as Nazi collaborators who value their boyfriend or husband "above any woman." What Dworkin wants is an inversion of loyalty, for women to run to the call of Sappho and Sisterhood and to tar and feather their male oppressors...

It is clear that the abolition of pornography will not suffice as the end goal of Ms. Dworkin's program. What will it take to calm Andrea Dworkin, to quell her tirades, to fill the yawning chasm of her sense of injustice?

Men, flop your tube steaks on the chopping blocks. Dworkin wants your cocks for mulch. Fucking, dilates Dworkin, annihilates the woman, overwhelming her with a sense of possession that ultimately leads to degradation and death. (That is, she allows, when the sex is good.) "That loss of self," writes Dworkin in the chapter entitled *Possession*, "is a physical reality, not just a psychic vampirism; and as a physical reality it is chilling and extreme, a literal erosion of the body's integrity and its ability to function and survive... This sexual possession is a sensual state of being that borders on anti-being until it ends in death. The body dies, or the lover discards the body when it is used up, throws away an old, useless thing, emptied, like an empty bottle. The body is used up; and the will is raped."

Throughout *INTERCOURSE* Dworkin's prose transcends the limitation of the essay form, suggesting a schizophrenic nightmare in which the author is a character trapped within some horror serial, a novel in which every man is an ogre, a monster, a parasite, a Svengali, a rapist or a vampire. As a piece of fiction, *INTERCOURSE* deserves high acclaim. But, from all accounts, we are supposed to accept *INTERCOURSE* as an accurate portrait of reality, a scaring indictment of penile

harm to womanhood. According to the blurbs of praise that fill *Intercourse's* book jacket: "...Dworkin analyzes the institution [!] of sexual intercourse, and how that institution, as defined and controlled by patriarchy, has proven to be a devastating enslavement of women" (Robin Morgan); "Dworkin's prose is elegant, her passion for truth profound, her longing for justice both lyrical and unrelenting, her use of history and literature stunning, her understanding of racism, anti-Semitism and misogyny lucid, palpable" (Phyllis Chesler); "The book is outstanding, original, and an act of forbidden rebellion" (Shere Hite).

Shere Hite, perpetrator of *THE HITE REPORTS* on male and female sexuality, is described by Dworkin in *INTERCOURSE* as "the strongest feminist and most honourable philosopher among sex researchers...." Dworkin is of course grateful for Hite's statistics (the methodology of which has been repeatedly called into question) which claim that only three women in ten attain orgasm during intercourse. Dworkin brandishes this statistic to underscore the uselessness of cock for women's pleasure. Later, she again quotes Hite's suggestion for heterosexual sex in which "thrusting would not be considered... necessary... [There might be] more a mutual lying together in pleasure... vagina-covering-penis, with female orgasm providing much of the stimulation necessary for male orgasm."

Hite's prescription for thrust-free, "mutual lying together," "vagina-covering-penis" sex demands complete passivity from the male. As Hite suggests in bold type in a late chapter of the woman's *HITE REPORT*, "Intercourse can become androgynous." No thrusting and exploring for Hite's males, no sir, this is woman's eminent domain. A man is to lay on his back, hold his breath, and stay perfectly still until the woman has squirmed her way to a come atop a stationary and never-threatening-to-be-dominant ding-dong. This is the only mention of a male-female sex-procedure that Dworkin even mildly approves of throughout the entire length of *INTERCOURSE*. One must assume that Dworkin sanctions this ridiculous posture only as an interim measure designed to wean women of their desire for penetration by penis entirely.

One wonders, however, what porn-thawking Dworkin must think of the nude,

cunt-played photos taken in 1968 of the massive-muffed and Tampax-stringed Hite that were eventually displayed in *HIUSTLER's* April 1977 issue. Or what Dworkin had to say to Germaine Greer for her toes-to-the-ceiling, cunt-to-the-camera shenanigans in the Amsterdam sex paper, *SUCK*, in the mid-Seventies.

I suppose Dworkin was not about to split cunt-hairs over the issue, especially with ideological comrades. All this taken into account, how are we to take Germaine Greer's blurb on *INTERCOURSE's* front cover: "The most shocking book any feminist has yet written." Shocking in what sense? In the quality of its fantasy, its idioocy, or its hatred?

At the risk of contradicting Ms. Greer, the most shocking feminist tract has got to be Valerie Solanas's *S.C.U.M. MANIFESTO*, the manifesto of the Society for Cutting Up Men. Solanas, who shot and almost murdered Andy Warhol in the late Sixties, pleads for women to "destroy the male sex". Norman Mailer, who quotes from the manifesto in his meditation on feminist writing, *THE PRISONER OF SEX*, provides insight into why the *S.C.U.M. MANIFESTO* was reprinted in the popular feminist anthology, *SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL*: "...the *S.C.U.M. Manifesto*, while extreme, even extreme of the extreme, is nonetheless a magnetic north for Women's Lib." Though Dworkin neglects to list the *S.C.U.M. MANIFESTO* in her extensive bibliography at the end of *INTERCOURSE*, the spirit of Solanas's mandate is ever-present.

Just as humans have a prior right to existence over dogs by virtue of being more highly evolved and having a superior consciousness, so women have a prior right to existence over men. The elimination of any male is, therefore, a righteous and good act, an act highly beneficial to women as well as an act of mercy. (THE S.C.U.M. MANIFESTO, p. 67.)

Magnetic north of the women's movement? Consider that bootleg pamphlets of the *S.C.U.M. MANIFESTO* have been circulating in women's bookstores for more than twenty years. Try to imagine the wails and screams if a group of men had tried to circulate a Society for Cutting up Women pamphlet.

Other holy texts of the women's

movement are quick to point out that the demon of technology has been unleashed by men to the detriment of womankind. Women, they say, have a greater empathy with the ebbs and flows of Mother Earth, and if we are to survive the toxic plague unleashed on the world by men, we should immediately turn the reigns of government over to a select hierarchy of Earth Mothers.

Andrea Dworkin undoubtedly belongs to this brain trust of informed, wise and balanced superior women. But Dworkin is a realist, and would not do away with technology altogether. Having come to the conclusion that sexual intercourse has been, and will ever remain, destructive to the mental and physical health of womankind, Dworkin evinces technological hope for a solution to the dreaded genital embrace, or any pornographic depictions thereof:

It is not that there is no way out if for instance, one were to establish or believe that intercourse itself determines women's lower status. New reproductive technologies have changed and will continue to change the nature of the world. Intercourse is not necessary to existence anymore. Existence does not depend on female compliance, nor on the violation of female boundaries, nor on lesser female privacy, nor on the physical occupation of the female body. Intercourse is the pure, sterile, formal expression of men's contempt for women; but that contempt can turn gothic and express itself in many sexual and sadistic practices that eschew intercourse per se. Any violation of a woman's body can become sex for men; this is the essential truth of pornography.

It's a shame that Dworkin's bombast obscures the legitimate threats to women now hatching with the current Fundamentalist Christian hysteria. The Right to Life movement, sympathies all askew, partake of a righteous, sinister, womb-based totalitarianism. Millionaire aerobic avatars worsen a majority of women's self-image by promoting a track star's physique as the current model of feminine appeal. And a worsening financial picture is forcing increasing numbers of women onto the marketplace, with the result of damaging their health with killing stress and cancers.

Dworkin is correct when she states that

women become trivialized when they become sex objects. But does Dworkin apply the concept to the Chippendale males now glutting the marketplace? Or, conversely, does Dworkin explore the power wielded by the sex object, or the sex object's refusal or inability to burden themselves with the equipment of the intellectual?

Perhaps Dworkin neglects to examine the question in order not to dredge up an even more awful truth — that ugly women, women like Dworkin, aren't even worthy

of trivialization. They are rejected utterly. This rejection has obviously left its mark on Andrea Dworkin; it has honed a vengeful and crusading intelligence bent on evening the score with boastful, hurtful, hollow-souled shells guided by testosterone and a despicable murderous instinct. Andrea Dworkin is ultimately shrewd enough to understand that becoming a wily adversary saves her from the emptiness and futility of male pity. It is in our best interest not to take INTERCOURSE for granted.

ADVERTISEMENT

YOU'VE MADE YOUR BED
... NOW DIE IN IT!

3 SHORT FILMS BY RICHARD BAYLOR



© 1991 Eyefuck Films Inter

AVAILABLE NOW
£7 PAL (EUROPE)/\$14 NTSC (US)

Price includes postage

US/UK FUNDS ACCEPTED
R. BAYLOR
PSC 41, BOX 1621
APO AE 09464
U.S.A.

Divinity Six

Devil Thing

photographed by Master Williams



For further information, prints, commissions, fan-mail, collaborations, models, actors or characters with ideas write c/o **DIVINITY**







SIX SIX SICK

Mark Day wades through the murky depths of indie-label heavy metal and comes up laughing

The bastard offspring of speed metal and later-day anarcho-punk (Napalm Death, Extreme Noise Terror et al), Death Metal is the music of choice for adolescent males with visually-challenged complexions, no girlfriends and no sartorial suss what so ever.

It's fast disappearing up its own arse in a dead-end, inter-band race to be fastest/goriest/gruntest/nastiest etc. — Cannibal Corpse are currently way out in front with **ENTRAILS RIPPED FROM A VIRGIN'S CUNT, I CUM BLOOD AND ADDICTED TO VAGINAL SKIN**, fact fans! That, seriously, is what those pimply, greasy, string-bean teenagers who hang around your local shopping precinct in Morbid Angel T-shirts listen to when they go home at night — weird, huh?

But before it self destructs completely (like, next Wednesday lunchtime with any luck) don't you think you owe it to yourself to own a Death Metal record?

Well, that record has finally arrived — **MATANDO GUEROS**, by Brujeria (pronounced Broo-her-i-a). Allegedly a group of Satanically possessed Mexican drug dealing bandits, Brujeria are (equally allegedly) a genre semi-spoof courtesy of Fear Factory, a part-Hispanic post-death metal combo from Los Angeles, aided and abetted by Billy Gould of Faith No More and a couple of Napalm Deaths.

The sleeve features a severed head (real) and assorted other gory Mexican true-crime pics, while the music is fast, frantic and not a little stupid and the vocals well — instead of the usual sore-throat growling and grunting that typifies the genre, Brujeria utilize some hysterically warped, tongue-in-cheek Mexican ranting.

All the lyrics are in Mexican, though it doesn't take a genius to work out that **MOLESTANDO NINOS MUERTOS** translates as "Molesting Dead Children", or that **SEIS SEIS SEIS** equals "Six Six Six". Slightly trickier are **CHINGO DE MECOS** (that's "Shitload of Cum") and **VERGA DEL BRUJO/ESTAN CHINGADOS** (for that, read "Warlock's Cock/You're Fucked"). If you laughed out loud at any of that, you need this record.

Incidentally Fear Factory have a mini-

album, **FEAR IS THE MINDKILLER** out on Roadrunner (coincidentally — or not — Brujeria's label) featuring some killer industrial re-mixes by Front Line Assembly, also well worth investigating.

Fans of wayward individualists like ex-Misfits man Glenn Danzig would do well to check out the work of lunatic, loner, loser and maverick Pete Steele, and his band, Type O Negative.

A graduate from the school of muscle-bound, gothic doom rock, Steele has dropped some of the gratuitous shock tactics of previous releases for his latest album, **BLOODY KISSES** (the last one, a live record, was titled **THE ORIGIN OF THE FAECES** and featured a close-up of Pete's sphincter on the sleeve). You can thank Roadrunner Records for this one as well.

Musically, Type O are shaping up nicely with some dark, evocative and even elegant mood music that replaces the hammy, over-blown progressive rock/heavy metal dirge of old. Even so, Pete can't resist a few fast, throwaway thrashers — mainly as vehicles for rants along the lines of **KILL ALL THE WHITE PEOPLE AND WE HATE EVERYBODY**. Yup, Steele is way out on the far-right politically, but hopes that declarations along the lines of "we hate everybody equally" will cover his ass (Type O were hounded out of Germany by anti-fascists on their last European tour — Pete insists that having a Jew in the band proves he's not a Nazi).

Likewise, past claims that his lyrics are simply an expression of his own tortured self-pity and inadequacy have done little to deflect

the charge of sad-bastard misogynist. Typically, **BLOODY KISSES** opens with a porno soundtrack sample.

In summary, Pete's a bit of a Tory twat (U.S. style), but **BLOODY KISSES** (on the Roadrunner label) contains some well-crafted, bleak, pseudo-artistic and slow-burning gothmetal for would-be totalitarians.

The question is, can you justify it to yourself?

Can you, while you're at it, justify buying anything by the unpromisingly named Mad Cow Disease? Well, if you're a big fan of all things Al Jourgenson-esque, you're gonna have to. The Mad Cow posse haven't actually cooked-up their debut album, **GOAT LUNG (THE MEXICAN APPROACH)**, at Jourgenson's Wax Trax H.O. in Chicago, but they might as well have done.

Shamelessly derivative of Revolting Cocks circa **BEERS, STEERS & QUEERS** (right down to the Country & Western fixation), these Salisbury based yee-haws have slammed some nifty samples onto a bunch of driving, cattle-prod rockers in a pretty obvious but enjoyable way.

The charmingly titled **GENITAL TORTURE** doesn't offer any deep or profound insight into the "Operation Spanner" case, but lyrics like "He's going to get his cock out/ And nail it to the wood/ Because for unknown reasons/ It makes him feel real good" at least raise a smile and give you a fair idea of where these guys' (and gal's) heads are at. Not, perhaps, for the "experimental rock as white-noise endurance test" brigade, but all the more fun for it. It's out now on the Catalina label.



BRUJERIA, minus two members who "were in prison"

Crazy Mixed Up Gonzo Academics Who Ate Up The World

*Cathy Pacific checks out
Prometheus Books*

Right at the moment the mutations and developments in the American "small" press world – "alternative", "complementary", call it what you will – are sizing up in exciting ways.

On the magazine front, titles like **ANSWER ME** with its brilliant investigative ranting and **TASTE OF LATEX** with its raw sex-deviance propaganda celebrations mark out just two aspects of what must be the most flourishing non-PC underground press in the hemisphere.

It might not be a new world order, but it is undoubtedly a healthy and rapidly growing pluralism which is unearthing about as much bizarre craziness as a man can reasonably shake a stick at.

The fact that US desktop technology is way in advance of our own, at almost half the price, means that allied to much cheaper print and production costs, thorough going enterprises can thrive in small markets yet still plug in to specialist international distributors. And whilst the extent of the magazine market continues to increase, high profile book publishers are starting to come into their own with title lists that contain a slew of must-see weirdness.

One publishing group especially active at the moment in the field of obscure gems is Prometheus Books, operating out of Buffalo New York near to the State



University. To date, Prometheus has some 700 titles to its name and many of them are mini classics of wayward freethinking.

Founded 24 years ago to publish books that were both: "daring and different" in opposition to the major corporations producing pseudo-academic pap, Prometheus decided on a provocative

approach designed to champion: "books that had perhaps little or no market but none the less merited publication". The prospect of an American outfit admitting they were going to publish what they wanted despite sales seems positively un-American in its flouting of the dictates of commodity worship. Prometheus decided right from the start to be a genuinely "dissenting press".

Though not the most interesting part of their repertoire, Prometheus' core market is in anti-New Age studies – countering paranormal claims head-on with heat-seeking scientific scepticism. This area of interest has formed the backbone of the company for some years and provided it with some of its best known titles and most academically respectable best-sellers.

It has also lead to a huge legal battle with Uri Geller, a frequent target of Promethean wrath waged mostly through the person of chief-sceptic and magician James Randi (a leading author for the company.)

The outcome is currently pending.

Despite the admirable aims to take on the world of ghostbusters and crystal-tipped hippy trippers, the most eye-popping part of the Prometheus collection has got to be the ribtickling range of sexology titles. With monikers like, **THE LOTUS LOVERS: THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE CURIOUS**

EROTIC CUSTOM OF FOOT-BINDING IN CHINA, SEDUCTION LINES HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD AND ANSWERS YOU CAN GIVE AND VANDALIZED LOVE-MAPS: PARAPHILIC OUT-COME OF SEVEN CASES IN PEDIATRIC SEXOLOGY everyone's a winner! Whilst the other sections of their catalogue contain eminently sensible Educational, Sociological, Historical and Philosophical works from around the world, the magical Human Sexuality oeuvre has the all the best movers and shakers...

RAW TALENT: THE ADULT FILM INDUSTRY AS SEEN BY ITS MOST POPULAR MALE STAR by Jerry Butler (with Robert Rimmer & Catherine Tave) is one of a projected series of Prometheus sexual autobiographies covering contemporary "marginal" sexual mores in confessional mode. Through the Eighties and before, Butler appeared in a glut of watchable triple-X trash. It was a golden time before sheer volume of titles reached saturation point banishing what minimal production values the industry had maintained since the superior shot-onto-film porno of the mid-Seventies.

A ghosted book with short chapters, **RAW TALENT** chattily catalogues Butler's numerous home-spun philosophies, thumb-nail sketches of colleagues, "amusing" onscreen moments and – best of all – his increasingly desperate attempts to defend his degraded lifestyle in the swamplands of smut.

He tries repeatedly to leave the pink hinterlands behind him and build a new life for his wife and kids, but the industry is addictive and unmerciful to its charges. Butler tries manfully to slough off his coke habit and his spiralling arrogance in order to escape the ill-paying round of cheapie, shot-in-a-day porn vids, but right at the end of it all he relents, weakens and jeopardizes his hard won domesticity. He slinks back to the industry, dick in hand and unshamefaced, leaving his wife with a face full of broken promises and psychobabbled platitudes. The American dream has never looked so tawdry.

A very few parts of the book verge almost on the heart rendering. Butler's lambasting of his co-



DEEP THROAT II

workers, their foibles and exposure to hugely unsafe sexual practices makes for grimly compulsive reading. Most often, his misplaced ebullience and cheerfully idiotic pronouncements on almost every topic under the sun are by turns ludicrous and relishable. In places it's almost as if he's attempting a Linda Lovelace **ORDEAL** self-exorcism, but the blend of unthinking narcissism and ill-judged candour continually reveal him as the tiresome dickend he really is.

From lowest soap-opera to grim smeg-fest, **RAW TALENT** is a Prometheus gem. You'll believe a man really can stoop lower than a gnat's ass. And you'll enjoy it to the hilt!

Robert Rimmer, Butler's ghost author also compiled the mountainous Prometheus smut trilogy: **THE X-RATED VIDEOTAPE GUIDE: Vols. 1, 2 & 3**. This mammoth undertaking chronicles nearly two decades-worth of Stateside video pornutopianism. Rimmer, the author of some two dozen other tomes, lists,

reviews and marks thousands of hard-core movies made from the Seventies onwards. As labours of love go, this is river deep, mountain high.

Each humongous volume weighs in at some 600 paperback pages all filled with fairly detailed "plot" and credit rundowns and a scoring system that isn't going to be towards everyone's tastes. Rimmer's own attitudes to sex – he's in his seventies – are vanilla-flavoured in extremis. He tries his best not to wretch, but it's obvious that anything other than a neatly lit shake 'n' vac isn't to his taste. In all the reviews the type of sexual practices portrayed are shorthanded at the start of the crisis: NR for normal romantic sex; NN for normal non-committed sex; DS for devotional sadistic; DK for devotional kinky etc. etc. It's a system that can be highly irritating but does manage to convey useful information with minimum space-waste.

Rimmer seems to be a kind-hearted old butter infatuated with the sentimental display of pretty nubile revealing their charms to the cathode ray. He's not overly responsive to the possibilities of erotic sensory overload that can make video such an appealing medium. He's arguably also too uncritical in his awarding of CC status – collectors classic. Rimmer's at his happiest with a movie when it looks like a kinetic version of a racy **PENTHOUSE** shoot! Production values and a warm comic-heart count for more than strong visual action. Thus his championing of Jerry Butler.

Once you get used to the highly personal and wayward method of scoring films it's easier to pick out the interesting stuff. Anything that makes the author's stomach turn or is defined as "yucky" or "a sicky" is almost certain to please. But after a time the almost complete absence of coverage of any European erotica becomes a nuisance. Not only are most of the greatest erotic films now produced outside of the States – homegrown French and Italian product being particularly excellent – but their style and execution (not to mention the looks of the actors) are way beyond US fare. Radley Metzger's **PUNISHMENT OF ANNE**



Jerry Butler in **RAW TALENT**

(maybe the foremost masterpiece of contemporary erotic film) warrants about fifty shocked words, whilst too much workaday wank gets over half a page or so simply because Rimmer feels it caters to the snug couples' market.

Nonetheless, as a work of reference these volumes are nigh on peerless. The introductory essays to Volume One alone detailing the growth and business background of the porn industry are excellent and well researched, making this the key edition to purchase. Maybe if Rimmer can boil all three books down to just one "America's Absolute Prime-Porn Best Of..." then the whole enterprise might be more easily digested. As it is, it still packs enough rude reading for a fortnight.

If Robert Rimmer doesn't pick up the award for "Mr. Prometheus 1993" then something is sadly lacking in US publishing. The man is also responsible for ghosting the deliciously titled: **WIIPIS AND KISSES: PARTING THE LEATHER CURTAIN BY MISTRESS JACQUELINE**. A vital slice of prime-time Prometheus that sets out to chronicle the true story of a: "benevolent bitch-goddess, whose beauty and sensitivity have made her the most sought after Dominatrix on the West Coast..." This very personal exploration of the fantasies that populate the underworld of erotic desire will shatter commonly accepted notions that S&M is based on perversion and violence".

This is another in the Prometheus sexual autobiographies line, but where the main entertainment with Jerry Butler lies in his squirming self-delusion, Mistress Jacqueline's confessions are far more considered and insightful.

Brought up in a rather loveless and confused family atmosphere, "Jacqueline" comes to confront the submerged desires she has to be spanked upon meeting a lover who leads her into a deeper appreciation of S&M games. Jacqueline's honesty and the believably various sexual encounters have a sensitivity that arouse and excite far beyond the fictional litanies of sexmaking. It's rare that the written erotic word can communicate such a secure sense of person. Rimmer's talent in transcribing these remembrances is to keep the emphasis on the unique female voice; the gentleness and the strength and the desire which fill her imagination.

Perhaps what's as equally exciting is the realization of Jacqueline's lifelong vulnerability from an early age and the

recreation for the reader of the manner of her psychological deflection. The style couldn't be further from the men's-mag letter-page sexual gush. This a generous sharing of experience – the kind of thing Rimmer exalts in sex videos, but which is in fact far easier to portray accurately in writing.

Despite all the caring and sharing, much of the book is taken up with extended descriptions of highly personalized S&M scenarios which are bound to have had Rimmer popping his socks. To his credit, he admits to his mystification at the joys of dominance and submission, but if anything the sections detailing the minutiae of Jacqueline's early emotional and domestic problems make her sex encounters compellingly vivid. All the lovingly small details of a relationship and a marriage are woven in to her burgeoning desires for sex that goes beyond the standard. Eventually Jacqueline ends up as a professional Dominatrix but the build up to her coming-out is sensitively accomplished and captivating in its interweaving of longing and self-repression.

Anyone interested in the area will appreciate the processes of their own desires expressing themselves from youth. Anyone still uneasy with their sexuality will see a manner of transforming shame that can be meaningfully liberating outside of all the psychobullshit.

A classic of eroticized non-fiction which manages to retain a lustful kernel of fantasy. Part the curtains; let in the light!

Rimmer doesn't get all the hot-shots at Prometheus though. Perhaps their most extreme title – and a must for all **DIVINITY** disciples – has got to be the infamous: **THE BREATHELESS ORGASM: A LOVEMAP BIOGRAPHY OF ASPHYXIOPHILIA** by John Money.

This is an examination of the condition in which individuals turn themselves on by hanging by the neck. It's fairly well known amongst cops that many hanging "suicides" are actually accidents that have happened to self-stranglers going for the ultra-intensified climaxes which purportedly result from self-asphyxiation.

Apart from some medical literature, this phenomenon is largely unexamined, but it's all here in full horrific close-up and you couldn't hope for a more grotesque shot of prurience masquerading as medical case-history!

BREATHELESS ORGASM is described as a "graphic sexual thriller" relating the

life of Nelson Cooper, a hard-core asphyxiophilic and terminally messed-up kid who eventually realized the extent of his problem by glimpsing a newspaper article alluding to his syndrome. This chance reading eventually led the boy to Dr. Money.

Money invented the clinical term "lovemap" to describe: "the mental template every individual has for an idealized lover and an idealized romantic, erotic and sexual relationship", and through a series of memories, poems, painful recollections, counselling sessions and diary entries, Money pieces together the monumental warpedness of Nelson's emergent sexuality. And what a masterpiece of deformed desire it is.

Essentially, Nelson has no control whatsoever over his fantasies. His sex life consists only of triggered lusts about drownings, hangings and stranglings. He masturbates six times in a day if he sees scenes of girls drowning in TV films. It is a splendidly horrific affliction and Money takes you right through from the start to finish with Nelson eventually pumped full of Depo Provera in a "cure" scene straight out of **A CLOCKWORK ORANGE**.

Two letters written by Nelson at the end of the book to various health-authorities trying to give an insight into his condition are uniquely crazed. The first brilliantly evokes the series of mental earthquakes he suffers when imagining a strangulation, whilst the second describes how his treatment has chemically coshed him into fantasizing 'normally' but only able to ejaculate clear fluid once a day rather than the half dozen spunkings previously used to.

Whether Nelson would have ended up dead if not for Money's help is anyone's guess. It appears his eventual treatment has destroyed a significant part of his personality and simply warped him in another way by responding to "normal" fantasies.

A better of medico-exploitation literature! Take a deep breath and plunge right in.

S&M: STUDIES IN SADOMASOCHISM by T. Weinberg and G.W. Levi Karmel continues the lurid academic theme-parking that Prometheus specialize in. This collection of essays and think-pieces approaches the topic from a mixture of clinical and slightly more journalistic angles.

This is very much of a bunch of bemused lab workers poking about a topic area that holds equal amounts of fascination and

puzzlement for them. In fact, this mood predominates throughout most of the Prometheus titles covering the territory. This confused tension alone has an attractive element that's hard to pinpoint. A little like those kitschily overstated Fifties movies banging on anxiously about the traumas of dope smoking or masturbation.

Although the book does contain some brief confessionals, these are nowhere near as entertaining as the full-length life story approach. It's a sober corrective to the measuredly heady tales told by Mistress Jacqueline and the stern extrapolations of a born-again self-strangler. But often the drier case-studies contain statistics or clusters of factoids that keep the exploitation interest high. The final shot of the book: **TOWARD A SEXOLOGY OF SADOMASOCHISM** gives a rather baffled, if supportive lowdown of the scene concluding: "It could teach us a great deal about ourselves". This seems a rather vague conclusion to have drawn from a study which, whatever else it does, unflinchingly catalogues the range of extreme practices thoroughly if flatly.

The index entry, "Fist fucking: defined" shows just how slow witted this kind of treatment can be. As if the phrase alone were not blindingly self-explanatory! "Fist Fucking involves a technique whereby a hand penetrates the anal opening until the entire forearm is inserted into the anal cavity. This is done slowly and gently by inserting one finger at a time and carefully expanding the rectum". Good job vaginal fist-fucking isn't included to cloud the issue!

At the end of the day, the book's bibliography is worth the price of admission alone. If only Prometheus felt they could go all out and try and target these books at the general reader rather than consigning them to a medical sub-culture.

Hopefully, Prometheus will continue improving and expanding their line of sexology titles with an eye to the main chance of honourable exploitation. It would be a shame to let such great titles languish unabused!

ADVERTISEMENTS

**For the all-inclusive
Prometheus catalogue
contact:**

Prometheus Books (UK),
10 Crescent View,
Loughton,
Essex, IG10 4PZ

VAMPIRES

A tribute to the ultimate in erotic horror

Devoted entirely to José Larraz' supreme film exercise in sex and death, "Vampires" is the latest booklet in the highly collectible 1-Shot series, packed with exciting photographic images (many never before published), behind the scenes information compiled from exclusive interviews with Larraz and two of the film's stars, Brian Deacon and Sally Faulkner, details of the cuts inflicted on the film for its British release, and much more besides.



**1
SHOT
PUBLICATION**

This attractive 32-page booklet can be yours for an equally attractive £2.50/£5 post inclusive (Payable to: T. Greaves).

Outside the U.K., payment in cash or International Money Order only please.

Order now from:
Tim Greaves,
Palmyra,
118 High Street,
Eastleigh,
Hampshire
SO5 3LR
England

Other 1-Shot specials still available (but now in extremely limited quantities):
"Yvonne Steinfeld: Memories Of A Vampire" &
"Madeline Smith: A Celluloid Retrospective"
at £1.95 each post inclusive

EROTICA, SEXOLOGY & CURIOSA

Quality and rare editions, Olympia and Luxor Press, Marquis de Sade etc. Send £2.95 for full catalogue of new and secondhand books and details of the stunning new Delectus "Fetish" and "Desire to Dominate" T-shirts. "The leading source for hard-to-find erotica".

Michael Perkins, *Screw*

A GUIDE TO THE CORRECTION OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN by A Lady

The ultimate guide to Victorian domestic discipline, a cult hit in the UK and USA. "For connoisseurs of vintage erotic literature and classroom discipline, it's a must"; *Forum*. Delectus hbk, 128pp: £19.95 + £1.20 UK/£1.50 Europe/£3.80 elsewhere

120 DAYS OF SODOM

Adapted for the stage by Nick Hedges, from the novel by de Sade. The award winning play now available from Delectus. "A bizarre pantomime of depravity that makes the Kama Sutra read like a guide to hygiene"; *What's On*. Delectus pbk, 112pp: £6.95 + 60p UK/£1.20 Europe/£2 elsewhere.

Payment by cheque, cash, VISA or MasterCard to:
Delectus Books, 27 Old Gloucester St, London
WC1N 3XX (Tel: 081 963 0979 Fax: 081 963 0502)

MAIL ORDER ONLY - NO CALLERS

BIG COCK FUN

Mark Day talks to Revolting Cocks vocalist Chris Connelly about the band who claim to be "making this world a better place for you and your hog bitch girlfriend."

Ministry are the band who sold-out on their first album, then spent the rest of their career twisting, defacing and uglifying their sound, as if in penance.

It all started back in '83 with **FOR SYMPATHY**, an album of limp, electro-pop which the young 'n' naive Al Jourgenson, at the behest of his record company, tailored to appeal to the kind of American audience that was then swooning over the cheery, Casio pop of Howard Jones.

Ten years on, Jourgenson is an increasingly reclusive, Irish whiskey swigging Country and Western freak, who's turned Ministry into a state-of-the-art, turbo-charged, wall-of-sound rock band. They've become the noise of men with road drills instead of guitars, permanently wired into 24 hour cable TV news, with only one solution to offer—more volume, faster beats.

Jourgenson also presides over numerous side-projects and collaborations (Lard, with Jello Biafra; Acid Horse, with Cabaret Voltaire; Pailhead, with Fugazi's Ian MacKaye) most of which have been one-shots. But his most infamous and durable distraction has been the Revolting Cocks (or RevCo to their friends), who have just completed their third studio album, **LINGER FICKIN' GOOD AND OTTIE BARNYARD ODDITIES** (Al has a thing about bad puns).

Initially a collaboration between Jourgenson, Richard 23 of Front 242 and Belgian instrumentalist Luc Van Acker, RevCo has since evolved into an after-hours party-project for Jourgenson, bassist Paul Barker (his primary Ministry partner), and their main collaborators, drummer Bill Reiflin and vocalist Chris Connelly. RevCo is now effectively Ministry with their trousers down, a funkier attitude and all the bad jokes they can think of.

A former member of Scottish electro-pranksters Fini Tribe, Chris Connelly met Jourgenson when Ministry were working



CHRIS CONNELLY

on their second (or first proper) album, **THE LAND OF RAPE AND HONEY**, at London's Southern Studios. Now, when not fronting one of his own side projects, Connelly shares vocal duties with Jourgenson for both Ministry and RevCo.

According to Connelly, "Ministry becomes the Revolting Cocks when we're all tired out of Ministry. Ministry's hard work in the studio, intense rehearsal and a really brutal live show. Once we've hung up our hats when the tour's finished, it happens—we don't want to stop making music, but we want to have fun doing it. We're not under anybody's gun to do an album, just in the studio as friends to see what we can come up with. This phase of the Revolting Cocks started as a reaction to the gruelling last year."

There's considerably less of Connelly on Ministry's most recent album, **PSALM 69**, than on its predecessor, **THE MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO TASTE**. But, he explains, "we all spent a lot of time on the last Ministry album. It just so happens that most of the material I wrote or sang on ended up on the cutting room floor—as is

often the case, we don't use every single note we record.

"Al likes writing with me 'cause he can bounce ideas around, it helps him get what he wants across. But the pressure's on Al and Paul in the Ministry situation. I don't need to feel that pressure, but he really feels it."

The first fruit of the new RevCo sessions is a salacious, fat and grindingly funky assault on Rod Stewart's cock-rock disco classic **DO YA THINK I'M SEXY**.

"That was my idea," admits Chris. "A few years ago we (RevCo) did **LET'S GET PHYSICAL**, the Olivia Newton John song. It was just the idea of taking the most banal, thinly veiled innuendo in pop we could find and making it into something real. Like **LET'S GET PHYSICAL** is a real ha-ha, Seventies ditty hinting at having sex. When we do it it's like 'get yer knickers off', it's hard sounding and basically humorous. It's the same with **...SEXY**."

While claiming, in an cheeky reworking of the original lyrics, to be "out of KY Jelly", was Connelly method-acting Rod? "No, I was thinking of being a drag queen while I did it. But Rod is one of my favourites."

With any luck it'll probably join RevCo's rampant biker-blitz, **STAINLESS STEEL PROVIDERS** and their rowdy, raucous, redneck anthem **BEERS, STEERS AND QUEERS** as a dancefloor fave at London's *Torture Garden*. Do RevCo like the idea of having assorted body-art freaks and fetishists grooving away to their records?

"I think that's great, perfect. I personally don't dance to my own music but if I did I wouldn't do it any other way. I think the frivolity of the Revolting Cocks coupled with the hard sound lends itself to that sort of thing. Fun, but aggressive as well."

There's always been a "sexy dancing" element to RevCo's music. Their notorious 1990 London gig featured strippers and whipped-cream-ejaculating dildos. It's a tradition that goes back to their very first show (captured on the live album/video

YOU GODDAMNED SON OF A BITCH!, which featured two wasted looking females staggering around, dancing badly and generally getting in the band's way.

Spike their drinks?

"No, they spiked their own drinks. They were tripping their brains out, we all were. One of the girls, Lou-anne Ponder, is a performance artist who lives in France now, and she's hilarious. Their band, X Meets Y had opened up for us that night, so they joined us on stage. They lived on a bizarre, Charles Manson type commune outside Chicago. They're performance art comedians - they were on the **GONG SLOW** for something like 17 consecutive weeks.

"Usually what happened on tour was, our roadies would go out and ask girls in the audience if they wanted to dance with the Cocks and, sure, they came on up. Ridiculous, cause they were always pissed."

In the past few years, Connelly has turned up on a number of projects while off-duty from Ministry/RevCo, including the notorious Pigface.

Revolving around ex-Public Image/Killing Joke drummer and Invisible Records boss Martin Atkins, Pigface is basically a touring and recording improvisational forum, featuring a bewildering array of name (and not so name) musicians from the noisier end of the alternative music scene.

The results are mixed, to say the least. Despite an enticing list of past and present participants - Connelly, En Esch (KMFDM), Andrew Weiss (ex-Rollins Band), Paul Raven (ex-Killing Joke), Bill Reiffin (Ministry) and Trent Reznor (Nine Inch Nails) represent just the tip of the iceberg only their third album, **FOOK**, is anything to get excited about.

Like the Scotland football team, Pigface features individuals who, while capable and entertaining at club level, start falling over each other and missing the goal the minute they're asked to play together.

"I think that's very fair comment. I (sighs) am no longer involved with Pigface. For me it was a time... it was never the concept of getting the creme de la creme of alternative musicians together to form a super-group. It was a chance to go out as friends to make music, make a mess. Fine for a while..."

Getting drunk on other people's expense? "Yeah."

It looked like a lot more fun for the participants than the spectators.

"It depends on the crowd (more sighs). We had some crowds who came with Pigface in mind, who enjoyed it just for the sake of enjoying it. We had some insane times, everybody in the crowd tripping, on the same level as we were, and that changes things. If I had gone to see Pigface, y'know, I probably wouldn't have enjoyed it. But I don't enjoy many bands live."

Murder Inc. was another project instigated by Pigface mainman Martin Atkins - essentially the final Killing Joke line-up, minus Jaz Coleman, with Connelly on vocals.

Despite an excellent Jim "Foetus" Thirwell remix of the track **MURDER INC** on their **CORPUSCLE E.P.**, Murder Inc. seemed like a slightly half-baked attempt by Atkins to sustain, and benefit from, the momentum K.J. had begun to rebuild with their **EXTREMITIES, DIRT AND OTHER REPRESSED EMOTIONS** album, before Coleman split.

Any more of that in the pipeline?

"(even more sighs) I dunno. To be honest with you, I couldn't give a fuck. I'm more interested in the Cocks right now. Y'know, I'm getting sick of it..."

Spreading yourself too thin?

"Exactly. At the time I guess I was at some sort of creative peak. Recording that album was no problem, I love to play with people. But when it goes into the public domain I'm tired of it, I'm tired of being on other people's records. I want to concentrate on my own things."

Any chance of a new RevCo tour?

"I kind of doubt it. I would love to, but right now, certain people are moving (Jourgenson and Paul Barker have relocated from Chicago to Austin, Texas) and certain people are having additions to their ever-growing families. Y'know, it's kind of out of the question, but something may happen if the album does phenomenally well. It's not a case of not wanting to tour, but the mechanics of the situation doesn't allow it. Which is a shame."

Connelly also missed Ministry's stint on the second **LOLLAPALOOZA** tour (the highly successful "touring festival" initiated by ex-Jane's Addiction man Perry Farrell) which slammed the band firmly into the face of American MTV culture.

"I'd have loved to have done it, but I was doing my own very unsuccessful solo tour. But it had to be done, I had an album to promote and it was kind of crucial. Actually, in retrospect it wasn't crucial at all, nobody cared, but hey!"

Connelly's two solo albums, **WHIPLASH** **BOYCHILD** and **PIENOBARB BAMBALAM**, represent something of a departure from the hoarse vocals and hammering samplers of Ministry. With downbeat, introspective crooning over a more traditional drums/bass/guitar backing, his solo work's been compared to the young David Bowie.

It's not really music for the mosh-pit.

"That doesn't really bother me. I just always walk around with this bull-headed attitude that I'm going to do what I want and if people don't like it, fine.

As far as the alternative music scene goes,



REVCO - a nice bunch of blokes

it is becoming very mainstream, everybody knows that. But so what? Whatever! There will always be an underground as long as people are thinking and creating. But saying that, I live in the middle of nowhere, so I don't catch a lot of what's going on.

In the Eighties, the things we were doing were still out there with Test Department and Einstürzende Neubauten. Its become more of a public thing, more accepted. But we've not blanded-out, were not Bon Jovi, we're still doing what we want to do but more people like it."

There is the suspicion that garages everywhere are starting to resonate to the sound of would-be Ministry/RevCo clones, desperately trying to emulate the Jourgenson freak-beat. Does that bother you?

"Oh, anyone can do what they want. They'll have a hard time trying. There is a method to the sound Al gets in the studio and it's very complicated. Hell, I grew up doing music in my bedroom and if I tried to achieve a certain sound, 9 times out of 10 I'd end up with something different that was just as good. It's a springboard."

Speaking of which, rather than follow Jourgenson and Barker to Texas, Connolly has shifted base to Kansas City, where he lives on a trailer-park, near a mental institution and savours the high crime rate.

"There's so much inspiration here, great characters for songs. The kind of people you might have heard about or seen on TV now live very near to where I live."

Great, until, like former Venice Beach resident Henry Rollins, you find yourself held-up at gunpoint while your best friend gets blown away.

"I can look after myself," Connolly insists. "If someone shoots me, someone shoots me... that could happen downtown Manhattan. That's America, that's guns. Y'know, I didn't have any problems in Chicago and I didn't live in a great neighbourhood there. If guns are available, guns will be used and there's not a lot I can do about that. I have several kinds of defense spray and a collection of more archaic weapons. I dunno... I hear gunshots at night within a mile radius of my house it's pretty fucking scary, but where I am is OK. I just don't go out very much.

"I while away my time writing and drinking. Drinking's a great pass-time and I've learned how to make my own whiskey. That's a wonderful thing. I have a little still in the trailer and I'm brewing it up even as

we speak."

On Pigface's GLITCH video, Connolly can be seen wagging a tab of acid on the tip of his tongue into a camcorder, while declaring that "this, kids, is why we guarantee psychedelic rock music every single night... we do it for you."

Is he still frying his brain in the name of art?

"I think if I was going to fry my brain, I'd have fried it by now. I'm past my drug ingesting freak days, my dumb drug sludgom. I can eat acid like candy and it doesn't bother me. The harder drugs, I don't do any more. I used to, but I consider myself pretty sane. I sound sane, right? I mean, I'm not like Ozzy Osbourne?"

No, but the Oz (who clearly bears some mental scars) is a lot older.

"Yeah, and he should have stopped a lot younger. He's going to be like that for the rest of his life."

Speaking of which, the received wisdom seems to be that Al Jourgenson is a certifiable maniac.

"Is Al mad? I don't consider him to be mad. He's really a hilarious guy. If he ever decides to quit music he could do stand-up comedy. He's a good friend as well. We're lucky in that we all have a unified sense of humour. A perverse sense of humour. I was saying to Bill (Reiflin, RevCo/Ministry drummer) when we were doing the album that if anyone heard what were talking about, we'd be ostracized. We bounce things off each other until one small joke becomes a horrifying menace to society. It just grow and grows till we put it down on tape. We can't help ourselves."

RevCo's LINGER FICKIN' GOOD... album, DO YA THINK I'M SEXY single and assorted back catalogue available through Devotion Records, as are Chris Connolly's solo albums. Pigface and Murder Inc. product is available through Invisible/Devotion Records. Ministry stuff comes via Warner, except the FOR SYMPATHY ALBUM, which is on Arista, but should be avoided like the plague.

ADVERTISEMENT



CEASE TO EXIST

The Finest Books by Mail Order

In stock now:

RAPID EYE 1 & 2 Simon Dwyer

CRASH J. G. Ballard

PAINTING & GUNS William Burroughs

CRAWLING CHAOS H. P. Lovecraft

THE DEMON Hubert Selby Jr.

AMERICAN PSYCHO Bret Easton Ellis

AS-FIX-E-ATE Nick Cave & Lydia Lunch

MR. ARASHI'S AMAZING FREAKSHOW Sushiro Maruo

THE BETTY PAGE PICTUREBOOK

40 PHOTOGRAPHS Joel-Peter Witkin

HELTHER SKELTER Vincent Bugliosi

TORTURE GARDEN Octave Mirbeau

SATANSKIN James Havec

THE DEVIL'S NOTEBOOK Anton LaVey

APOCALYPSE CULTURE Adam Parfrey

MODERN PRIMITIVES (RE/Search 12)

WHITE STAINS Aleister Crowley

THE S.C.U.M. MANIFESTO Valerie Solanas

T.A.Z. Hakim Bey

MACHO SLUTS Pai Calafia

and hundreds of other related titles.

For a free copy of our NEW 50-PAGE catalogue,
please send a 28 pence A5 SAE to:
CEASE TO EXIST, 83 Clerkenwell Road, London EC1.

publish and be DAMNED

books, magazines and assorted printed fodder studied

Over the last few months, Nemesis Books have developed a richly deserved reputation for excellence in the field of true crime publishing. Their latest publication, **KNOCKIN' ON JOE** will only enhance this reputation.

KNOCKIN' ON JOE is a harsh, uncompromising look into the minds of convicted criminals. Editor Sondra London has gathered together writing from a number of convicted killers and felons, and the result is a chilling look at the darker side of life. Amongst those contributing to this collection are Robert Lewis, who shared a cell with the notorious Ted Bundy, Danny Rolling, who is the current love of Ms. London's life, and G.J. Schaefer, her ex-boyfriend. It was Schaefer who first sparked London's interest in convicted killers; she couldn't understand how such a nice guy could be a serial killer, and her need to find out why eventually led to her publication of his book **KILLER FICTION**.

Parts of that contentious volume appear here, and show Schaefer to be a literate and intelligent character, albeit one with a thoroughly warped imagination. The story **NIGGER JACK**, for example, could claim - with some validity - to be a savage indictment of the brutality of the death sentence. However, it is also undoubtedly a vivid masturbatory fantasy of Schaefer's. His descriptions of just what happens to a woman being executed in the electric chair are graphic and loving, and the story ends with a wild, utterly tasteless session of hot necrophile activity.

Schaefer isn't the only writer here to impress. In fact, many of the writers here provide powerful studies of the hellish life in America's prisons - a world of brutal guards, rape and casual murder.

One writer who fails to impress but nevertheless makes an important appearance is Otis Toole. Henry Lee Lucas' old killin' buddy is your worst nightmare made

flesh - a drooling, crazed psycho. Whilst many of the writers in the book seem set to lead productive lives should they ever find themselves released (and few will be), Otis needs to be kept caged like a beast for the safety of the world.

KNOCKIN' ON JOE is the most unique offering currently fighting for space in the ever-expanding True Crime field. Even if you have no interest in the genre, you might benefit from a look at this.

I have to confess that I'd never read very much H.P. Lovecraft until Creation Press' new anthology **CRAWLING CHAOS** turned up. Never having found his work particularly attractive, I was amazed to find that the stories contained in this nicely presented package were uniformly excellent, spooky, wildly imaginative and utterly compulsive.

Many of Lovecraft's tales have a similar theme - that of the innocent stumbling into a world of utter horror. Tales like **FROM BEYOND**, **THE MUSIC OF ERICH ZANN** and **THE TERRIBLE OLD MAN** are typical of this style, where normality is rapidly stripped away to reveal a nightmare of insanity in its place. Later in the book, Lovecraft's infamous "Cthulhu" saga expands on this, with continual references to the old gods who lurk in the underworld, waiting for the chance to return and rule the world again.

Lovecraft's writing is tight, fast-paced and spiced with a level of desperation; it is, in fact, perfect pulp fiction prose, propelling the reader along at a fast enough pace to cover any discrepancies in plot that might otherwise ruin the illusion.

Also included here is the darkly comic **HERBERT WEST REANIMATOR** and the title story, a rather unsuccessful attempt at drug-induced psychedelia. For the curious reader, this is a fine introduction to one of morbid horror's finest exponents.

Originally published as a huge format volume in 1989, **RAPID EYE 1** has recently been reissued by Creation in the same format as the second volume. At the time of the first publication, I claimed that **RAPID EYE** was one of the books of the decade, and nothing has changed. A breathtaking collection of amazing writing and ideas can be found here. Editor Simon Dwyer's expose of the myth of "freedom" in Britain remains an essential read, and the interviews with Genesis P. Orridge, body-piercer Mr Sebastian and Derek Jarman have all taken on a whole new relevance in light of events since the original publication. A remarkable, stunning volume, and one you simply *must* have.

Stewart Home's **NO PITY** is being hyped as the ultimate in urban nihilism, the best in uncompromising, street-fighting fiction for urban anarchists. With its *Sex Pistols* title lettering, and a menacing shot of its skinhead author on the cover, this is a book that aims to take no prisoners.

But there's a problem. While Home fills the stories collected here with graphic, vicious, leering descriptions of mindless violence and gay sex, when one scrapes away at this shocking facade, there's very little left. Characters are vague and undeveloped, the stories crude and poorly constructed. Home seems more intent on celebrating his idea of working class culture than in actually telling a worthwhile story. And even here, he fails. Home, like the self-proclaimed intellectuals who celebrate the football supporter and his society, looks at the working class through rose-tinted lenses. To him, they are the repressed people, the mythical Man on the Street, just waiting for the anarchist revolution to free them from the shackles of the rich. As someone who grew up in the working class, I can assure Home and his contemporaries that this is a ludicrous

myth. It's the working class which supports the Tories, waves the flag, grovels before the royal family and would like to see gay skinheads banged up, castrated or hung.

NO PITY is a book out of time, and a book that has no reason to be. It's a fairly childish exercise in deliberate offensiveness, doomed to failure because the only people who will be offended by such work won't even know it exists. Home's working class heroes will be reading **THE SUN**, **WOMAN'S OWN** and **TV TIMES**.

Straight outa Strangeways, it's **MENG & ECKER** issue 6! This Savoy adult comic emerged whilst creator David Britton languished at her Majesty's Pleasure, the victim of one too many police raids on the savoy shops and offices.

Never ones to beat around the bush, the boys have used this issue to attack those who have been persecuting them for so

long. The main thrust of the story is to pile on the excess whilst wryly commenting on the earlier ban on the first **MENG AND ECKER** comic. "How does it feel to be obscene?" asks Ecker. "Fuck off", replies Meng, "I've been obscene all my fuckin' life...and fuckin' proud of it".

More interesting than the actual strip is the transcript of an interview between a Manchester Obscene Publications Squad officer and Britton - quite chilling in its implications. Catch this from gutsy retailers everywhere!

Issue 2 of **REDEEMER** has finally seen fit to surface, and a splendid affair it is too. More pages, tasty colour and meatier text, it should ensure that the magazine hits the big time. Subtitled the "sado sex special", this issue takes a few vitriolic stabs at the scum on the streets, not least of all in the phot-spread where the "regal rotters" get their revenge against the shell-

suted slime that pollute the streets of our nation (I just *knew* that editor Nigel Wingrove would be affected badly by attending horror film festivals). Other than this, you can thrill to goodies like a Madeline Smith interview, De Sade, blood-sucking nazi vampires, Frankenstein, SM cartoons, DIY funerals and a man-sized review section. Beefy and beastly in equal parts, **REDEEMER** is just the thing for dealing with any politically correct irritants that you might have around. £3.50 from The Redeemer, BCM Box 9235, London, WC1N 3XX.

The fetish and SM scene continues to throw up new magazines. Two new British publications squeezed through the post box at the same time. **DOMINA** is a glossy affair that bears a passing resemblance to **PLEASURE-BOUND**, though manages to be rather more intellectually stimulating (not a major achievement, I know). The magazine has risen from a contact service, and it's this which seems to propel it along, the models and writers often having code numbers appearing beside their names. It gives the magazine a curiously homely feel - as though it is a collection of musings from friends who decided to get together and exchange their ideas in print. The content is a fairly even mix of male and female domination, with room for TV's, legal guides, prick-teasing as art and James of London waxing lyrical about his favourite obsession, Pony Girls. To be fair, there's not much here for the casual decadent, but enthusiasts will no doubt welcome it. Cover price is a solid £10.00 from Domina, 27 Old Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3XX.

The other magazine received at this time was **FETISH TIMES**, a long(ish) awaited affair that had been shrouded in mystery for some time. It's a more mainstream publication than **DOMINA**, with a fairly wide-ranging approach to kinky sex and erotic madness. In here can be found club reviews, transvestite tips, Virtual Reality Sex, Pony Carting (yes, it's that man James again) and discussions about the law as it relates to SM and pornography. It's well produced, and the people behind it obviously care what they're doing. The only problem is the paper, which is pretty gruesome (even



longed up S.S. frauleins from **REDEEMER**

PSYCHOTRONIC VIDEO isn't this bad). If they change *that*, then **FETISH TIMES** has the potential to be excellent indeed. £5.95 from K.P. Publishing, Pembroke House, Campsbourne Road, London N8 7PT.

From the same publisher comes **CAPITAL ADULT**, a tabloid guide to Adult Entertainment in London. The bulk of the sixteen pages are filled with ads, the rest being taken up with ranting about Red Hot Dutch/Television/whatever they're called this week, news items, a strange piece on water sports, and other oddments. Whether you'd want to spend £2.50 on this is highly debatable, but if you intend on hitting Das Kapital on a sex hunt, it might prove useful.

THE DELICE GARDEN is a lovely digest-sized Belgian magazine that is full of gorgeous erotic photography, mostly fetish oriented. The photographs are tasteful, rarely explicit yet highly striking. There's also some text (in French of course) which include reviews of magazines and computer games (the sexy sort).

This is Numero 0, and can be bought for £7.00 from Thierry Tillier, B.P. 336, 6000 Charleroi, Belgium.

Tim Greaves moves away from his tributes to Seventies startlets with his latest 1 Shot Publication, to instead wax lyrical over a single film, **VAMPYRES**. For those who don't know, the film is one of the classics of British sex/horror film-making, directed by Spaniard Jose Larraz (who also churned out winners like **SCREAM AND DIE** and **VIOLATION OF THE BITCH**) and starring Marianne Morris and Anulka as sex-crazed lesbian vampires who sliced their victims open with knives in the midst of passionate sexual trysts. Tim's book (also entitled **VAMPYRES**) tells you everything you ever wanted to know about the film, and more besides. Larraz is interviewed, there's a look at what the cast have done since, details of the cuts made by the censors, and a hefty collection of rare 'n' raunchy stills. In other words, it's another winner from Mr Greaves, and every magazine editor in the country must be thankful that he hasn't decided to produce a regular publication in competition with them! Available for £2.50 from Tim at 118 High Street, Eastleigh, Hants, SO5 5LR.



Diane from DOMINA

When book publishers produce newsletters, they are usually nothing more than an undisguised catalogue of product for sale. **THE MASQUERADE EROTIC NEWSLETTER** is different in the fact that it is a real magazine, with meaty, interesting articles by the likes of Tuppy Owens, David Aaron Clark and Paula Meadows.

In fact, this serious, tasteful and well-produced publication would almost certainly be considered one of the finest erotic magazines on the market if only it was better known. Mainly text-based, the magazine covers the whole spectrum of sexuality, with a healthy amount of SM and fetish material included. There's also a large section advertising Masquerade's incredible collection of classy erotica.

Try a copy for \$5.00 (plus postage) from Masquerade Books Inc, 801 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017, USA.

Last issue, I was less than enthusiastic about the Olympia Press publication **A WELL MATCHED PAIR**. Undaunted by this, Olympia author Ken Gervase sent his debut novel **TIE ROD UNSPARED** along. This is a simple tale of two orphaned cousins – a boy and a girl who are both just over the age of consent (how lucky!) – who are sent to live with their stillyoung aunt. Before you can say "physical restraint", the lad is encased in rubber, having piss and shit forced into him via a stomach pump, while the girl is strapped into a slimming

costume, gasmask and mackintosh, while their aunt dishes out the punishment.

It's all surprisingly jolly and engaging. The scenes of coprophiliac madness and incessant water-sporting are written with such loving detail and precision, you realise that the author must have "researched" the subject quite heavily in his youth. And unlike most SM fiction, the emphasis isn't on pain and torture. Even at its most excessive, the book remains fairly light in its approach, and our unusual threesome are shown to be well-balanced, normal people who just happen to have kinky tastes.

In fact, my only real quibble with the book is that, presumably to show how ordinary these characters really are, Gervase has every second chapter devoted to their daily travels, as the water-ski, scuba-dive, take boat trips and generally bore the socks off the reader, who will find these interminable sections quite numbing. Flick through these in search of the dirty bits, and you'll have a lot more fun, believe me.

PRETTY GIRLS 18+

*Who want to get into modelling.
Nude and Topless for magazine work.
No experience necessary.
Leather and PVC wear.
You Could See Yourself In
This Magazine.*

Phone James
0708 370 383



FELLATIO - Photo © Doris Moser

LENS LUST

Sal Volatile meets erotic photographer extraordinaire Doris Kloster

These days the sex press is fully furnished with any amount of "fetish" photographers, but a few moments with a Doris Kloster study hits you head on — concentrated swathes of lust evaporating off her prints right into your face.

Born into a conservative professional family, she lived most of her childhood in the civilizing climes of New England, making regular school-skipping trips into New York to check out the cityscape of her urges. She ended up buying a little rubber dress in her 'teens and felt a whole lot better. Cutting art-school, she went on to universities in Boston and Munich and now wants to concentrate on curating gallery shows — having presented several already in Berlin, New York and Pittsburgh.

In the execution of her obsessions, Kloster is amongst America's most singular practitioners of explosive photo-sex, taking you back to the primal instinctualisms of erotic portrayal. And her eye for smouldering detail is unerring. A relatively straightforward shot of duotone stocking tops pulled tight into a ravishing ass-cleft takes on the blaze of high-art that brings erotic picturing straight out of the realms of thumprag wankarama and into the hallowed heights of vision and spirituality.

Kloster's models are all exquisite, fully-fashioned beauties. Not supermodelled into fantasy-land waxwork femininity, but imbued with a direct womanliness. And always her eye for the sensual potential of filmy hosiery and sculpting corsetry is awesome. If you have the slightest affinity for the magical black arts of SM clothing with all their lubricious contouring and erotic overloading, Kloster will bring hidden innermost desires rashing out over your soul. The pictures are like directives to confess; graphic challenges not to become deeply aroused.

Something about her carnal camera really unleashes the viewer's imagination in a way not much apparent since Jaeger and Klaw brought out the girlish best in Bettie Page. Seeing a Kloster work is like experiencing those first body-blazing

thrills made on furtive first encounters with pictured sex. And it's very much this feeling of renewed insightfulness which keeps Kloster ahead of the field.

The Bettie Page/Klaw parallels are

significant because Kloster's material — especially with her main model Patti — recalls that fruitful partnership of yesteryear in several particulars. Firstly, Patti seems to embody an almost perfect



SHOE WORKSHIP — Photo © Doris Kloster 1993



FORCED FELLATIO - Photo © Doris Kloster 1993



TRIPADISM - Photo © Doris Kloster 1993

“SM is something that really deals with power struggles, with balancing things out. I think it’s a really good expression of different aspects of sexuality”

conception of modern beauty; a great brunette strength that contains cruelty and tenderness in every expression. She also has the most exquisite, lung-achingly lovely legs of almost any woman ever photographed *point blank*! Secondly, Kloster has brought her photography to an advance point of timeless classicism. No wonder her Athena poster of Patti's face in brooding black and white is a worldwide bestseller!

"The brain is really the biggest sex organ", Kloster affirms, "You can have an orgasm in your brain without doing a whole lot. If you can look at a straight wank magazine and get off you're not going to need anything more. If you do want something that's going to stimulate your brain as well you're going to have to look in other directions. I think that people are looking for some other way to express their

sexuality now. With AIDS, sex has got so boring and you really need something that will further interest the brain as well as the body. SM is something that really deals with power struggles, with balancing things out. I think it's a really good expression of different aspects of sexuality. Especially in repressed climates. I think it's going to become a lot more popular in the future."

Living in a "cute little duplex" in New York and co-editing her nationally distributed mag *FAD* (a gloriously fetish-infused large format version of *I-D* minus the victimish preening) from her studio, Doris directs a regular supply of high-profile photo work into a bewilderingly wide range of media: postcards, books, posters, fashion spreads, record sleeves, dungeon sets...you name it, Kloster's had some gloriously long-legged fetish

goddess languishing on the front of it:

"I never pursue trying to get my pictures in magazines. I've been doing this stuff for years. I shot for *BRIDES* magazine. I shot for cosmetics ads. Harvey Nicholls. I lived here for a bit and did ads, and lived in Paris too. But I realized I didn't want that. I'd always been doing my art, fetishy stuff then I got more heavily into it. I'm so busy with all my other jobs like doing book covers and record covers I can't spend that much time running after things. Stuff just keeps coming in. The more work you produce the more comes on board. I'm constantly printing so I never have any time.

The stuff that I try to do is art. I'm not trying to do commercially viable product. Luckily there's a market for it. When people look at it as a completely exploitative venture it gets to the lowest common denominator. *PLAYBOY* called



FRENCH KISS - Photo © Doris Klöster 1993



Photo © Doris Kloster

me but when they saw my book they thought it was too arty. I just want to take the pictures I want to take. I don't want to do their kind of stuff – to be shaped into a **PLAYBOY** type photographer. The women are just shot as product, there's no feeling. It can be deeper. It can be on a different level. Ideally I just want to be able to do my art stuff and not all this other crap. Just do the magazine and the fetish stuff and my gallery stuff then I'd be happy."

Kloster's background gives plenty of room for psychologically-profiled speculation: "I had my first orgasm when I was four. It didn't take me long to get into it at all. I was having sex with a little girl who was six years old. I had a major sex life - more than I have now actually. But most people it seems didn't figure things out 'till they were a lot older. I practiced it from being really young and practiced it constantly. I was always inventing scenarios. I'd invite my little friends over, take off their underwear, play golden showers..."

"When I was a little kid I was always running round tying up the neighbourhood children and practising little games. I was always pretty much into it. It's not like something snapped for me and I saw the light. It's always been there. I've been like this since I was about four. I was doing naughty things then. I'd play these little games with all my little girlfriends. I'd capture them and tie them up in their bedrooms and their mothers would come in.

You don't know what it really is then but you're having fun. It seems wrong but I never had that guilt thing. I was caught once when my mum came in and found me naked up in the guest room. I also got caught some other time instigating some huge orgy at some girls party. They never said anything about it. But after that I was much more strictly watched."

These days her magazine **FAD** plays the commanding role in her myriad activities:

"We're not really a fetish mag – it's a fashion, art, music magazine but it's nice when you can put the fetishism in a context where people wouldn't know anything about it. It gives a more positive view of it. A lot of people get turned off by these heavy rubber magazines that are strictly **S&M**."

Sometimes she goes to unprecedented lengths to score authentic shots. On one

society is so repressed over here leads people to seek other forms. In New York in clubs there really are far more men than women. Over here there's a lot more women. In New York there's not quite so much of a trendy scene. I don't quite know why. I think there's more voyeurs.

"Over here people get much more involved. And I like that trendy aspect. I don't think it's too superficial. There's a lot more of that older scene in the States. Private parties where I'd be the only young person there with my friends. The older people tend to be into much heavier scenes, which is fine but I think that's not a very good way to bring people into the scene.

"There are definitely some very heavy scenes which go on. I was at a party out in New Jersey and the whole entire basement of this house was the most incredible dungeon and there were all sorts of things happening which were pretty extreme. But the people are older. Clothing is more expensive in the US. Most of it's got from over here. Most is manufactured over here. It requires some disposable income and I think that's why it's such a middle class thing."

Apart from her stills, Kloster also has hundreds of hours worth of prime video material culled from numerous heated dungeon sessions. **DIVINITY** is even now encouraging her

to unleash some of it into an hour or so of edited highlights. Meantime, we'll all have to wait for new shoots in coming editions of British fetish mags and maybe a mooted photobook featuring the amazing Patti in fully elegant effect.

The 1993 summer editions of **ZEITGEIST** and **SKIN TWO** both carry selections of current work. Immerse yourself, and watch modern fetish sex being shaped by a photomistress of the strictest discernment.



DESIRE - PHOTO © Doris Kloster

occasion trailing an **SM** New York cop to his dungeon sessions in order to secure his uniform for a book cover, and filming whilst his mistress beats and sodomizes him.

But how does the post-Spanner British club scene shape up compared to the endless vistas of American sexual liberty? The dungeon scene in the States – if features in **DEMONIA**, «O» and **SKIN TWO** are to be believed – looks to be roaring along.

"It's much more exciting in Britain. There's much more going on. The way

Divinity Six

Patti

photographed by Doris Kloster



Page Thirty-Eight







THE KERKHOF VIEW

Ian Kerkhof takes a look at recent cinema releases

Like a flawless tragedy, the elegance of which structure is lost upon those suffering in it, the perfect geometry of the Spector Street Estate was only visible from the air."

This is the first sentence of Clive Barker's short story **THE FORBIDDEN**, published in Volume five of his **BOOKS OF BLOOD** series in 1985, the year he won the World Fantasy Award.

Bernard Rose opens **CANDYMAN** - his film version of the Barker fiction - with a so-called "helicopter shot" of a section of Chicago's South Side which includes a massive rundown project block, a tenement building which we soon learn is the site of an immense evil.

There is something peculiar about this shot however, something unlike any other helicopter shot we've seen before (the helicopter shot with its "skyline opening" has become de rigueur, a cliché more standard than *All The Things You Are*). A few seconds into the shot we become aware that the camera is moving rigidly along a stable course parallel with the straight line geometries of the buildings below. There is none of the veering left or right, up or down, that we have come to expect from a camera which is after all, simply up there in a helicopter.

A minute or so into the shot one concludes that this perhaps isn't a helicopter shot after all but that the camera has been suspended on a rail between two enormous masts and is being driven smoothly by a motor. As the shot continues one gives up this hypothesis - the distance traversed is far too great and the altitude far too high for this to be the case. When the shot is repeated two more times during the film it brings attention to itself. It resonates with an uncanny defiance of logic that is almost as spooky as the subject matter of this very effective horror film.

The solution comes in the end credits when we notice that a gyroscope was used. This device apparently uses two motors to



constantly correct every potential deviance from a plotted course: the camera remains at right angles to its subject matter with mathematical precision.

Rose's directorial acumen does more than simply illustrate Barker's idea. Film-making is more than merely putting pictures to the words. This single shot (the opening shot is always the most important shot in a film because it's the only one that isn't informed by the one before it) embodies the film's central theme: architecture invents and produces madness and criminality in individuals. This thesis is Barker's by way of Foucault whose **SURVEILLER ET PUNIR** denounces a prison in every building.

The shot isn't about the theme. It is the theme. In a way that words can never be the thing they're about. Without words, merely by showing us a building in a way that we're unaccustomed to seeing

buildings, and moreover by making us feel uncomfortable about our own frame of vision (the gyroscope makes things too steady: geometry becomes horror), Rose succeeds in making us feel dread.

Flawless, tragic, elegant, suffering, perfect, and above all *visible*: the cinema.

♦

Two scenes in **THE PUBLIC EYE** redeem the film from being an exercise in nostalgic fascination.

In the first, nightclub owner Barbara Hershey rushes out of her busy establishment into the pouring rain in order to explain to the shabby Joe Pesci that his being thrown out of the club was a misunderstanding, not on her orders. Grabbing an umbrella from one of her doormen, she rushes down the street after the diminutive Pesci whose raincoated frame brings Peter Falk's Columbo to mind.

Turning into an alley she is startled to see Pesci leaning over an inebriated bum whose ungainly form is piled onto a garbage heap. Pesci is preparing the unconscious old man for posterity: he adjusts his hat, puts the bottle more clearly into the frame and then takes the photograph that will immortalise them both. (Pesci's character is based on the legendary New York photographer WeeGee).

Instead of breaking Pesci's concentration by calling out to him or moving close enough for him to become aware of her, Hershey stands watching him for a while. At first clearly amazed to see this dedicated but unrecognized artist so devoutly at work, Hershey soon becomes slightly embarrassed, she turns away, the urgency of her message suddenly irrelevant. This moment of intimacy, an unwitting glimpse into the very soul of another person, draws us into the film. We share Hershey's discomfort at having been present and yet



CANDYMAN

it is this very possibility of being present without being noticed that is the magic of the cinema. The cinema transforms us all into "flies on the wall".

The penultimate scene of the film sees Hershey visiting Pesci in hospital after he has survived a gang shootout and her betrayal of him. The scene is framed so that Pesci, lying in bed in the foreground, faces out towards the audience, while Hershey stands in the background talking to his back. Both scenes convey to us the possibility of gaining insight into a person – not necessarily through eye contact, but because of the context of their body in space.

Swapping recriminations in the hospital room ("Goodbye," says Hershey, "don't hate me too much") the two characters ache their way into our hearts. We see both sets of eyes, we empathise with and understand both sets of pain. Because neither of them see each other's face, their voices are disembodied; the film frees their words from the constraints of mere dialogue and what we hear is poetry.

This poetry brings to mind Jacques Prevert's classic thirties scripts (LE JOUR SE LEVE, QUAI DES BRUMES, many others) which profoundly influenced the film noir genre to which *THE PUBLIC EYE* belongs.

Of this genre Slavoj Žižek writes: "our relation to a film noir is always divided, split between fascination and ironic distance: ironic distance toward its diegetic

reality, fascination with the gaze."

THE PUBLIC EYE triumphs over irony, and instead of laconic detachment, we have participated in the jouissance of the visible. Looking has enabled us to feel. The flies on the wall are replete.



"IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE is the most reassuring film: not only do you have a family who loves you, a hometown sweetheart who loves you and marries you, a guardian angel who loves you and protects you, but also you have an entire town of people who love you and come to your aid when you are in trouble"

– Danny Peary

Strategically placed in the centre of *MENACE II SOCIETY* is a scene that is played contrary to the hysterically-pitched muscular tone of the rest of the film. In this scene the protagonist Caine sits watching television in the conservatively furnished living room of his god-fearing grandparents who have raised him ever since his mother overdosed on heroin and his father was murdered in a drug deal. The adolescent Caine stares disbelievingly as James Stewart hugs his three children to his chest. Stewart – in the diegesis of *IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE*, has just been returned to his family after having been given an angelic chance to look into an alternative world, a world much gloomier than even the one he had contemplated committing suicide in. Hugging his children to his chest, Stewart is made aware that despite the daily struggles and his lack of money, the love that is so abundant in his family and community makes him a rich man and makes his life indeed wonderful.

Caine's disbelief, his incomprehension, as he watches this scene speaks volumes. In this deftly shot sequence of *MENACE II SOCIETY*, without violence, without profanity, without the numbing viscerality that is elsewhere always in abundance – the Hughes Brothers allow us a glimpse into the truly horrific effect of ghetto living on our humanity.

Caine shifts to the couch, his gaze moving from the TV set to his aged grandparents, engrossed in the film; he understands neither his grandparents' emotional state nor the film's message of salvation through familial and communal love. The white nuclear happy families of Capra's film are as real as the tooth fairy to

Caine, so little do they have in common with his reality. Even his grandparents, with their constant sermonising and solid faith in a white Jesus, might just as well be brothers from another planet.

Caine's entire gestalt consists of being a man. A discourse which involves lots of not being a "bitch", not being a "faggot". Being manly invariably involves vile-lence. The film's strength is that it truthfully maps out the terrain of this vile-lence, not as a survivalist necessity, but in fact an eagerly embraced aesthetics of negation.

Elements of this negative aesthetic crop up in the apartheid nomination which classified people as NON-whites, NON-Europeans. Not-being, not-feeling, not-caring become the dominant modes of being in the ghetto. Caine's buddy O-Dog is described as "America's nightmare. He's young, black and doesn't give a fuck". Impossibly immune to empathy Caine's posse sits around watching a video tape of O-Dog killing a Korean store owner. These adolescent men hoot and howl at the screen as if they were watching a ball game. Killing has become their sport.

"How I could just kill a man"

– Cypress Hill

"Killing is so damn sweet"

– Geto Boys

Until *MENACE II SOCIETY* there wasn't a film that captured the bleak horror of the American ghetto landscape with anywhere near the grain and attack of the finest rap music. The rap format, the CNN of the ghetto, seemed too mercurial to be approximated by the film medium, whose exorbitant cost and corporative nature makes inherently conservative, monolithic. Two twenty-one year old twins somehow managed to convey on film what one has become familiar with through work by the likes of Gang Starr, N.W.A., Paris, and Public Enemy.

I can't honestly say I enjoyed watching *MENACE II SOCIETY*. As excited as I was by the sheer unbridled talent that not only the directors, but also the cast and especially the director of photography Lisa Rinzler display; as impressed as I was to finally see a street story that hadn't been either sweetened to death or cartoonized by Hollywood; what kept on running through my head as I watched the film was the appalling notion that somewhere, right now, people are living like this.

Only a Game?

Lindi St. Clair paints a pretty picture of her life as a prostitute, but does it reflect reality?

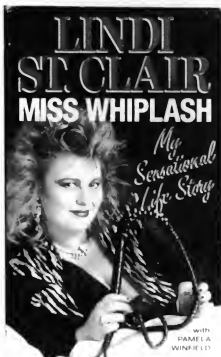
Wendy Hopewell-Ash digs for the truth in the autobiography of "Miss Whiplash"...

Just published now in paperback is the autobiography of busty blonde Lindi St Clair, **MISS WHIPLASH: MY SENSATIONAL STORY**, which will rank alongside other books on prostitutes' lives such as Dolores French's **WORKING** and Paul Bailey's **AN ENGLISH MADAM** (about the life of Cynthia Payne).

If Cynthia Payne is everyone's favourite sweet but naughty auntie, then Lindi St Clair is the definitive big bad hooker, one who just won't take it all lying down and retire gracefully from the public eye. I must confess to having a particular interest in Lindi St Clair. (Note correct spelling of her name: originally she adopted the name "Lindi St Claire" but someone told her that this was an anagram of "Clit arse", so she dropped the "e", believing apparently that this was vulgar. Believe that and you'll believe anything!) It was she who – quite unintentionally – inspired me to become a prostitute myself. Lindi made an occasional appearance on the London fetish club scene of the late 1980s, frightening submissive men and wandering around distributing bright yellow cards with **KINKY MODEL** and her phone number printed on them. It was also at this time that I attended a kinky sex party given by Lindi at her Eardley Crescent house. The

thought of being immensely rich and owning such a big house appealed to me. Completely different from Ms St Clair as I was – slim, reserved and middle class – I saw a gap in the market for myself, thinking that men who did not fancy her would perhaps fancy me instead. (I was a bit surprised later when as a fledgling dominatrix I found that some of them actually fancied us both. "She's great, that Lindi St. Clair!" one cheery punter from Birmingham once said to me, all starry-eyed.)

Lindi St Clair, although famous for her SM activities, has never been quite at home with London's leatherati. Her brazen and down to earth approach – considered by some, unkindly I feel, to be a sort of Carry On parody of La Cicciolina (particularly since her political campaigning) – doesn't quite fit in with the designer fetishism of clubs such as Skin Two. In an elite where the experience of being encased in rubber and bondage has been likened to an almost transcendental experience – the ultimate safe sex where genitals do not meet, a sort of permanent and intellectual foreplay – an emphasis on tits, spanking, wanking and more tits is considered offensive, even downright crude. Amongst refined SM people, to be a dominatrix for money is acceptable (indeed sleazily titillating) in a



rebellious Riot Girl sort of way, but to admit to also fucking your punters (yes, still, even now) is still the ultimate taboo.

It is difficult to work out what is fact and what is fiction in Lindi's extravagant life story, a story so rags to riches and back to rags again that it's practically Barbara Cartland. According to her book, she ran away from home to France at the age of 13, lost her virginity to a dashing gangster named Jake, became a teenage hooker – or an "English rose" – in a Paris salon run by a mysterious unnamed Madame. She later left Jake, returned to England and began making money as a lorry girl (servicing truckers in lay-bys). At about this time she was raped by two men while hitchhiking, which apparently didn't leave any lasting psychological damage. Nor, indeed, did the repeated sexual molestations she suffered at the age of 5 from a family friend – a "special secret" that she "enjoyed having". Via kneetremblers in back alleys and on rooftops, putting on strip shows for cabbies, and writing her name and number on pound notes for maximum circulation, she worked her way up to renting larger flats, then buying her place in Earls Court and setting up her House of Fetish and Fantasy. She lists in her mock CV her

qualifications: Doggy Fashion, Deep Throat, Rent Boy Liaison, Gang Bangs, 64"KK Smothering and Rubber Nurse Castration. Not to forget Code of Silence – something she broke when a few months ago she staged her own disappearance from a cliff top, after offering her "dirty file" to tabloid newspapers and to Paddy Ashdown and threatening to name prominent politicians who frequent prostitutes. After many run-ins with the police and the taxmen, it was asserted by the tabloids that she was simply trying to escape being made bankrupt and having her remaining assets seized, implying that this was the last resort of a woman who had failed to secure enough attention for herself. Hounded by journalists and thrown off her luxury cruise, she returned to England to bare her plentiful breasts to the waiting reporters and photographers and to be threatened with charges for wasting police time. **THE SUN**, and the **NEWS OF THE WORLD** – which first did an expose of her in 1976 when reporter Trevor Kempson paid £30 for a service and, nastily, secretly tape-recorded her – were particularly scathing in their condemnation of her, purporting to show that her version of her life story was all an elaborate fiction. (I recall a conversation at a party once between two men, both occasional paying slaves of Lindi St Clair. It was said at this time that she was heavily pregnant. "If it was a boy, just imagine what she'd do to it when it came out!" one of them said in awe. One tabloid alleged that she was never pregnant at this time and that she made it up to cover the fact that she was grossly overweight, surely a particularly spiteful intrusion of privacy.) It has also been alleged that her setting up of the Corrective Party (which lists among its policies legalising brothels, liberalising censorship laws and "more scientific research into obesity") was merely a front for her prostitution activities, since she could claim that fees from punters were really legitimate donations to her political party and hence not liable to be taxed or dodgy in any way.

Let me point out here that I have a deep respect and liking for Lindi St Clair. Anybody who has spent a lifetime doing what she does and making money out of it has got to be tough. But does she just do it for the money, and what does she really think of her punters? Occasionally, embittered man-hating sentiments show through, e.g. when she complains about the awful smell semen leaves on the vagina

after sex, and also when we read "One thing proved to me forever that men are thick": a punter approached her in a brothel, rejected her for being too fat, then chose her ten minutes later when she reappeared in a black wig. She complains indignantly that when in June 1991 she placed a front page advert in **THE INDEPENDENT** calling for legalised brothels and inviting people to join the Corrective Party, 309 "half-brained goons" wrote in using pseudonyms like Mr Wan King and Mr Hugh Jardon (wanking and huge hard-on) and donating minuscule sums like one and two pence. She claims that "lesbians make the best whores" because they "despise men" and can "switch off and be screwed all day without a care". Then, just when we think we are getting an insight into the real Lindi, she reminds us that she is an "extrovert nymphomaniac" who loves men and sometimes gives away free screws to attractive punters she fancies – preferably well-endowed politicians. The best thing about being a whore is multiple orgasms on demand, she claims. (One would imagine she would be more likely to achieve the latter with her lesbian lovers than with her customers, but let's not quibble. After all, one may have future custom to consider.) Indeed, the book is dedicated to "All my special darlings – you know who you are...". Are YOU one, reader?

One wonders what the icy American dominatrix Terence Sellers, in her Mistress Angel Stern persona, would make of Lindi St Clair. In her elegant treatise on SM behaviour with reference to her own experiences, Stern writes "Cut-out leather designs, the obviously 'kinky' ensembles offered by sadomasochist supply-houses I find disgusting...In these clothes a woman reeks of available slut". But don't men like sluts? Lindi doesn't bother with posh nonsense like Angel Stern's "The etiquette of the mirror" and "Verbal abuse of the invertebrate". The sophisticated trouser-suited Angel Stern character is the complete opposite of Lindi St Clair, in looks if nothing else, and yes – fab! – Lindi's book does contain photos of her: two 8-page inserts, one in b&w, one in colour. We see Lindi at the age of two in little white dress with white bow in her hair, posing in her back garden with mother and sister (her mouth is strangely open in a "practising to give a blow job when I grow up" sort of position); Lindi as a rubber nun; Lindi as a butch gay boy; Lindi as a "young, upmarket Parisian whore"; Lindi as a 17-year-old

Hells Angel chick with leather cap and swastika painted on her cheek; Lindi in her famous well-equipped dungeons (of course); and my personal favourite, a slim young Lindi frolicking in the sun in pink bodysuit, pink mules and pink heart-shaped sunglasses by an anonymous swimming pool – "Aged 14, for hire in St Tropez after Madame transformed me with special advice on grooming and etiquette".

I find the latter rather disturbing. Not because of what it implies, i.e. the sheer awfulness of being on the game at the age of 14. (Indeed, one cannot even be sure if the girl in the photo, or in fact in any of the photos, is Lindi – or Madeleine du Bon, or whatever silly name she called herself then. In the book there are no references to adventures in St Tropez at all, and nor does Lindi explain exactly what advice on grooming and etiquette Madame gave her.) But because the picture and caption embody for me a total fantasy about prostitution. In this particular fantasy, set in St Tropez against a sort of Swinging Sixties soundtrack, one hires out one's body, clad in pink high-heeled mules, to bronzed gentlemen with more money than sense, and some of them are actually attractive; jewels and furs are lavished upon one from favourite clients. It's a world of easy money (pots and pots of it), exotic travel, classy houses and international political intrigue, and Mandy Rice Davies with a cute hat on is giggling just outside the camera frame. There is no disease or death, for this is pre-AIDS; in moments of slack business one can gossip with the other girls in the "salon", and in the background there is always the kind but firm Madame, a motherly figure, ready to dispense department tips (and dispose of an illegitimate baby, if need be). A sort of French finishing school for wayward and sensuous girls, and one which I once wished I could attend. This fantasy almost breaks my heart, because somehow I can't reconcile it with my own experiences. No trite photo in a book of memoirs can show the claustrophobia and monotony of being cooped up in a room with a succession of men whose penises and armpits stink.

The memoirs of whores are of eternal interest to people. Either sex reads them for titillation and for enlightenment about the opposite sex; men read them also in a secret and furtive search to confirm the existence of that elusive but surely real creature, "the hooker who actually loves doing it". Women read such books with the desire to

find out from someone – a prostitute, who must really know everything about sex, must know all the secrets about turning men on – secrets that they can use to make themselves more exciting and appealing in bed. Some women also read motivated by a kind of Dworkinite masochism, to learn just how much some traitorous and misguided women can degrade themselves and to confirm, my God, just how bloody awful all men really are! People want to know which race has the biggest dicks, who the secret famous clients are, and what the most exotic perversion ever encountered is. (In Lindi's book it would perhaps be the episode with the black plasticine and the golf clubs.)

MISS WHIPLASH: MY SENSATIONAL STORY is a jolly good read whether you believe it all or not. Buy it and save Britain's most vilified hooker from bankruptcy! Finally, I thought that I knew all the slang for the male genitals, but Lindi mentions one I didn't know, so startlingly banal and obvious that it's untrue – "gun and two bullets". The hooker who really loves doing it? For me, that's a casually

dropped-in clue that gives it all away. Underneath it all, Lindi St Clair is cleverer than most people give her credit for. And harder than most hard men and hard women. (And is there really such a bra size as 64"KK??)

MISS WHIPLASH: MY SENSATIONAL STORY is published by Pan Macmillan at £4.99, available from all good bookshops.

For information about the *Corrective Party* write to: 58 Eardley Crescent, London SW5 9JZ.



CLASSIFIEDS

Male escapologist seeks Kyoko Nekamure type female to learn the ropes for loving double act. Into rope, scarves, love and friendship. Any eye/colour/location, etc. Bound for mutual pleasures.

Reply to: DPB2/201, Divinity.

Elderly Male Disciplinarian, requires Female to assist with Mailes late Twenties, Into Cat Suits etc. Also Sub Females, Wimps, Pretty Boys, 21-35. No financial involvement. Sussex Coast.

Reply to: DPB2/202, Divinity.

Replying to classifieds: write the DPB code on the envelope in order for your reply to be forwarded.

Classified advertising in **DIVINITY** is simple and cheap! For a mere £2.50/\$5.00, you can have a thirty word ad inserted in the next issue. Extra words are just 25p/50¢ each. Contact ads can include a photograph at no extra charge! If you require a box number, enclose 2 x first class stamps/2 IRCs for forwarded mail.

"KNOCKING ON JOE

(Voices from Death Row)"

edited by Sondra London

(ISBN 1 897743 05 X - £7.50)

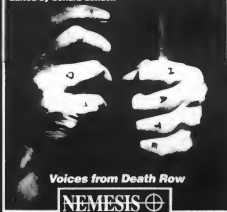
Published July 22, this may well be the most controversial book of the year. The mercurial Ms. London has collected stories of guilt and innocence, violence and pain, crime & punishment, from the convicted men in America's Death Rows and maximum security prisons.

G.J. Schaefer – multiple killer/execution witness, viewing murder and capital punishment with the unblinking eye of De Sade; Bobby Lewis – escapee, close buddy to Bundy; Joe O'Dell – sentenced to die, but innocent?; Carl Panzram – killer/jailhouse writer, whose brutal life story is soon to be filmed; Otis Toole – deranged partner of the real HENRY, telling of his gothic nightmare youth; Danny Rolling – the serial killer who has confessed his crimes to Ms. London, and his love for her to the TV cameras.

The most harrowing, brutal and honest book about American crime & punishment

KNOCKIN' ON JOE

Edited by Sondra London



UNVEILING THE HIDDEN: HOUSK RANDALL

Mark Day meets the man who chronicles
the wild, wild world of fetishism...



REVELATIONS: CHRONICLES AND VISIONS FROM THE SEXUAL UNDER-WORLD is a new book documenting some of the highly individual people who populate (or pass through) London's fetish and body-art scene. In it, photographer Housk Randall has captured for posterity a selection of intriguing and exotic characters from an

area of sexual self-expression currently deep in transition. As such, it couldn't have come at a better time.

Increasingly, fetishistic imagery is being assimilated into mainstream culture – appropriated to sell everything from Kit Kats to car tyres, or as a device for titillation in virtually anything involving Sharon Stone.

While this has coincided with a renaissance in the underground nightlife that Randall has pushed his subjects from, the continued and unchecked expansion of the fetish scene (already a catch-all phrase that's come to mean everything and nothing to do with activities as diverse as serious sub/dom and disco-dancing in rubber) could well be the equivalent of the economic boom that precedes recession.

For now, the broad church of fetishism embraces all comers, and all comers seem happy to be embraced. But how much more blurring and even erasing of the barriers will the more traditional factions within it take, before retreating back to their own corners of the underworld as the scene re-fragments. Only time will tell if the fetish scene will eat itself, but if it does, **REVELATIONS** may well have captured the diverse, multi-dimensional reality of the fetish community (circa the early Nineties) for the first, and last, time.

"I think I probably spent a year and a half all told photographing everyone and producing the prints," explains Randall.

"It started out as a small core of my personal friends. Then they would tell their friends as I spread the word that I was starting work on a book project. I would go up to people in clubs every time I saw someone and thought, well, I don't have someone like that in the book. So I'd go and talk to them."

That sounds like a terrible chat up line.

"No, I never had any problems. Maybe because of my age, it's not like I'm twenty-two or something. And I was really serious about it and I think that that came across.

"To begin with, I didn't have a publisher. I just thought, well, I know everyone here and this is going to change, it's going to get commercial, it'll get bigger and all these wonderful people I know might disappear. I saw some of them going already, in that year."

DEBORAH - Photo © Housk-Randall



ALICE - Photo © Hoyt Rowdell

// Since I started this project, people are not so aghast at body piercing or a lot of tattoo work."

Even two or three years ago, some of the material in *REVELATIONS* might have been considered deeply shocking by the uninitiated. But who doesn't know about body piercing or S&M apparel anymore?

"There's no question that to a certain

degree, since I started this project, people are not so aghast at body piercing or a lot of tattoo work. But there's still nothing like my book. *MODERN PRIMITIVES* is the only thing even close, and it's nothing like my book.

"The scene's changed and it will change. How, exactly I don't know. But I have a lot of friends that have just got on to the scene who are quite serious about their fetishism and all that, but are also very Nineties and into-the-year-2000 about it. They want to combine it with cyber-punk and all kind of things, they want to have fun with it.

"Some of the older, serious types are loosening up a bit, going to the younger clubs and enjoying the new blood, so to speak, and energy coming in. Then I know some young, serious types, who don't enjoy the Torture Garden that much - it's OK for them, but what they want is serious action. There will always be people wanting serious action, in a semi-traditional sense.

"But it's going to become like punk, and every other movement the media focuses it's attention on. It's going to be incorporated and watered down into the mainstream."

On the other hand, London's definitely a fetish-magnet and it's easy to forget that not everyone has the same access to the clubs, the clothes or the communication. Maybe the cutting edge is some guy or girl sitting in their bedroom in Dorset, Shetland or wherever, doing their own thing, uninfluenced by London's media/fetish obsession?

"Well, the clothes style is, for lack of a better term, part of the rock 'n' roll language. In a good 30-40% of MTV videos now, the band, or someone in the band, or someone dancing, is wearing PVC, rubber or leather, used in a fashionable, rock 'n' roll context. Because that's seen all over the world, you can be in the middle of nowhere and that's going to affect you.

"The deeper thing behind it - practising S&M, having a fetish or being into sub/dom, will always remain a smaller section, even though more people are aware of it. But I don't know, there's huge pockets of this in every tiny little town I know."

Have you had much feedback from outside the fetish community?

"There's a restaurant owner I know who I thought would be embarrassed or upset by the book - he's quite conservative. But he ended up buying it and having me sign it. He thought there was a lot of dignity in there, which is important, because that was what I was trying to get across.

"Some people, I guess, turn to body-art or fetish role-playing to reflect a larger-than-

life inner self. Others seem to be building a flamboyant wall to hide behind. Are the bulk of the people in **REVELATIONS** outlandish or inadequate?

"Because of the nature of what I was doing, I tended to get more confident people. Because for someone to come and expose themselves both physically and emotionally to a photographer, and in an interview, they have to have a certain amount of confidence.

"I probably photographed about another fifteen people on top, who didn't make it into the book for various reasons. I think

some of the people who didn't get in, possibly, were the type who were building a wall and couldn't let it down enough for the photographs to be interesting. But a very small minority."

The portraits are augmented with quotations from extended interviews Housk conducted with each of his subjects. Though teasingly brief, they help to sketch in glimpses of insight into individual motivations.

"I have a tremendous curiosity about people's lives. Along with that curiosity, there's wondering what people really do.

Some people just look that way, they didn't actually do anything bizarre. They just enjoyed looking a certain way because that was who they felt they were. Some people, who looked relatively conservative – not pierced or tattooed or anything – did the wildest things.

"It's also like a tiny, little mini-affair with everyone, which was really satisfying, because you don't have the morning after or anything like that. The shots worked best when it was a mutual little mini-affair."

As well as bold, unadorned portraits, Housk also produces dreamy, hand-tinted



CANDY - Photo © Housk Randall



photographs which deal more with anonymous form (see *SKIN TWO* issue ten for examples).

"All my artwork is heavily reworked, painted, rephotographed. But that's artwork. For people, I wanted nothing to distract from the person themselves, no superfluous lighting or shadowing – just a very simple, clear space for the person, and what ever was happening in them, to shine."

Housk's fresh, fat-free Californian good

looks belie the fact that he actually arrived in Britain fourteen years ago, with the intention of launching a would-be supergroup with members of Jethro Tull and the Sensational Alex Harvey Band. Dinosaur-rock is a somewhat unexpected listing on his CV.

"It didn't work out, but I wasn't going back to L.A. with nothing. Not after the fanfare of selling up and coming over. So I ended up staying."

He eventually took up photography.

"My Dad's a sculptor and a painter. So, though it wasn't until eight years ago that I took-up working with visual imagery, I grew up watching him."

As far as other influences go, he cites the familiar combination of horror movies ("I've loved them since I was a kid – vampires and werewolves!") and religion.

"Literally every Roman Catholic I know, and there's a tremendous amount on the scene, is saying they're not Roman Catholic anymore. But every Roman Catholic is a Catholic till they die. They get you young and you can't help it. I had the lot. Mass every Sunday, confession, confirmation. All the rituals. You're bored and you hate it, but at the same time it sinks in."

From the robes, the incense and the altar, it was only a short step to the equally ritualistic worlds of rock and the fetish scene.

"The leather thing, I guess, comes from my rock days. That's what you wore back in the Seventies. The German, Nazi leather outfits with the caps – I used to wear that stuff on stage. So when I got into the fetish scene, it was like going back to my youth. A lot of people don't get that rock 'n' roll connection on the fetish scene."

So what's next? Are you finished with fetishism?

"There is a certain amount of burn-out. I don't imagine doing a lot more work specifically on fetishism and body-art."

"What I'm moving into now is the same thing but simplified. Photographing people, just nude, standing, looking at the camera, sitting, whatever. Smiling, not smiling. However they feel at the time. I'm trying to capture someone's soul for a moment, get some real truth there. No gimmicks, nothing – just giving people the space to truly be themselves and let out what ever it is the mask usually hides."

CARL – Photo © Housk Randall



TEENA – Photo © Housk Randall

GOING TO THE DOGS

Quentin Tarantino interviewed by **David Flint**



Quentin Tarantino rose from the obscurity of the unfilmed script writer to major cult figure almost overnight with his directorial debut. **RESERVOIR DOGS** is a style-heavy, violent collision between slick Martin Scorsese and sedate John Woo, garnished with a sprinkling of Dario Argento, the Coen brothers and every gritty crime flick you care to bring to mind. Original it certainly isn't, but the combination of elements was crafted so lovingly, and Tarantino's handling of his material so spot on, audiences couldn't help but be dazzled and entranced at the result. And besides, most of those who raved most loudly about the film almost certainly hadn't seen – or even heard of – most of the works that inspired it.

In real life, Tarantino is a genuine movie fanatic. In some ways, he's *too* fannish for comfort – his hyper-active, nervous tension blending with his breathless enthusiasm for all types of genre cinema often comes embarrassingly near to the archetypal film geek that we all seek to avoid. But, conversely, this panting love of celluloid has an strangely infectious element to it, and Tarantino is in many ways a breath of fresh air in a business where all too many directors have nothing to say, and simply go through the motions when being interviewed.

DIVINITY should, around now, be reporting on the video release of **RESERVOIR DOGS**. Nosuchluck. In the wake of the murder of two year old Jamie Bulger in Liverpool, the BBFC have

suggested that both Tarantino's film, and Abel Ferrara's **BAD LIEUTENANT** (again starring Harvey Keitel, this year's winner of the uncoveted "Most Banned Actor" award), "postpone" their release until after the board's fatuous examination of the viewing habits of children (i.e. do they watch 18 rated movies?) is complete. Both films *may* emerge next year, unless it's shown that the under-ten's live on a diet of Hannibal The Cannibal and Robocop, in which case, BBFC head honcho James Ferman has suggested that the board would have to "think very carefully" about granting such films a release.

Quentin Tarantino recently attended Nottingham's **SHOTS IN THE DARK** crime festival, where **DIVINITY** tracked him down. The first question seemed obvious – what did he think of the censorship furore surrounding the film?

"I actually didn't know that", he responds when told of the problem. "All I knew is that the British film censor backed **RESERVOIR DOGS** one hundred per cent and passed it, and from what I've heard, he went on television twice defending why he didn't have the film cut for theatrical release. I don't know about the video release."

While we await word on the film's small screen future (and it seems highly unlikely that a permanent ban will be placed on it), **RESERVOIR DOGS** is still pulling crowds at cinemas. Has Tarantino any idea why the film was so successful in the UK?

"No, not in particular. I had nothing to indicate that it was going to do better here than it did anywhere else, but that actually is the case. It did better in Britain than in any other country. You outgassed America about twice."

There are reasons for the popularity that go beyond the quality of the film, though, and Tarantino is forced to admit to these.

"In America, it was released as an independent film and it was a big art house hit – in art house terms, it was a smash. But in Britain, it wasn't released that way, it was released as a Big American Movie. In London, they opened up with lots of prints of it, it played all over town and you guys had the best posters of all the countries around. Those 'Mr White', 'Mr Blonde', 'Mr Orange' posters that were all over town, they were great! It was the best advertising that we'd had. Then the distributor was saying 'well, y'know Quentin, we're doing great in London and we're kicking up our release prints by half,

but understand the provinces and London aren't the same thing'. Then I went down and did some publicity in the provincials, we opened up wider – house records in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester, it was terrific! We're the number one film in the history of the Glasgow Film Theatre."

As a film that sits on that border between art and exploitation, **RESERVOIR DOGS** was, of course, guaranteed to either break big or else vanish without trace. There is no middle line for such hybrids. Did Tarantino aim for commercial success, or was this a true "labour of love"?

"Everything about this film is uncommercial."

Surely you jest Quentin. At the end of the day, regardless of the style and intent, **RESERVOIR DOGS** is a violent action film, and on video, this is the only genre that is virtually guaranteed to make money. Tarantino concedes the point.

"I was very lucky as far as I was concerned because the company that made it was a video company, and we basically spent about a million and a half on it, so there was absolutely no effort to make it commercial – it was going to make that much on video anyway. No-one would lose money on this film, so I didn't have any commercial considerations, all I had was the movie I wanted to make. They ended up making a lot of money, it made \$10 or 11 million on video in America."

One of the reasons for the film's success is the sterling performance of Harvey Keitel, for whom the film was a fine return to form and a much-needed injection of street credibility after a few wilderness years. For Tarantino, his involvement was essential.

"Harvey was singled out basically because he's my favourite actor. Harvey was hands down the perfect choice to play Mr White. Everyone else that would be a choice is dead – Stirling Hayden, Lee Marvin, Ralph Meeker, those guys are all



TIM ROTH AND HARVEY KEITEL MEXICAN STAND-OFF STYLE IN **RESERVOIR DOGS**

dead, Harvey's alive. That's how he got involved with us. It was really lucky – I mean who gets to make their directorial debut with their favourite actor? He responded to the script one hundred per cent."

Keitel was also the star of Martin Scorsese's **MEAN STREETS**, and it's this film which **RESERVOIR DOGS** has most often been compared with. Tarantino dismisses claims of plagiarism.

"It's an easy comparison. It's very flattering because **MEAN STREETS** is a great movie. A really good film critic is J. Hoberman (co-author of the essential book **MIDNIGHT MOVIES**), and he made some interesting comparisons between **DOGS** and **MEAN STREETS** I hadn't thought about before. The most interesting one was the fact that you could say **DOGS** more or less starts where **MEAN STREETS** leaves off with De Niro bleeding in the back seat of the car with Harvey Keitel driving. I'd never thought

about that before, and it was like 'oh wow, that's interesting...'"

Along with **MEAN STREETS**, Tarantino's film is often compared to the work of Hong Kong action director John Woo. It's certainly true that many of the set pieces in **RESERVOIR DOGS** that impressed audiences the most were somewhat similar to the ultra-violent, fast-paced chaos found in films like **THE KILLER**, **BULLET IN THE HEAD** and **FIRED UP**. Tarantino acknowledges the influence of a director who remains unknown to many **DOGS** fans.

"When people say they see it as an influence from John Woo it's always a big compliment to me because I think his stuff is fantastic. The only thing I did from John Woo (intentionally) is the shot when I have Harvey with two guns shooting those two cops."

In fact, Tarantino now has plans to work with the Hong Kong maestro of mayhem.

"I'm going to be writing and producing a film that John Woo's going to do that's going to bring Chow Yun Fat (the main star of Woo's films) to America."

Is this to be the much mooted American remake of **THE KILLER**? Tarantino says not.

"John Woo turned down the offer to remake **THE KILLER**, and they offered it to me, and I turned it down. I don't think it should be re-made and I wouldn't want to be John Woo on John Woo's territory any old way."

While John Woo remains obscure enough

Harvey [Keitel] was singled out basically because he's my favourite actor. Harvey was hands down the perfect choice to play Mr White. Everyone else that would be a choice is dead – Stirling Hayden, Lee Marvin, Ralph Meeker, those guys are all dead, Harvey's alive."

to be able to pile on the bloodshed in his work without causing too much outrage, the success of **RESERVOIR DOGS** led to much gnashing of teeth amongst various moral watchdogs. The current BBFC difficulties aside, how does Tarantino respond to criticism of the film's violence?

"The most talked about scene in the movie, the torture scene, isn't really graphic. It was the only scene in the movie I shot two different ways. I had the idea of the camera panning off of them, not because I was afraid to show anything...it was kind of an artistic decision. The I also thought, well, I'll put the camera in a medium shot behind him, so you see Mr Blonde straddle him and cut the ear off - not in close-up but a big medium. When I looked at the rushes there was no doubt in my mind that I was going to use that scene. But what I put in the movie, the one where it panned away, that was the good one, that was the one that hurt. The other one, seeing it made it a movie. Not because the effect was bad or it looked like a rubber ear or anything, but having it take place off screen made it real, it didn't break the reality of the scene. It made it seem documentary-like in a way. I think if you showed him cutting the ear off, the scene wouldn't be as powerful as it is."

Tarantino begins to warm to the subject; clearly, the continual critical battering he has received over the supposed excess violence in the film has left its mark.

"If you do a film with violence in it, people are going to focus on that. In Britain, people

have talked about it like it was the most violent movie ever made. I take it as a compliment, because the film's a 'talking heads' movie; there's three rough scenes, basically, in the whole film, and the rest of it is just talking. It's like an old Roger Corman movie where they talk about the monster forever and there's only a couple of scenes where they actually see it. I can only take it as a compliment because people found it really intense. My only problem with it is that people who actually would enjoy the movie have been turned off from seeing it because they have been hearing how rough it is. I was at the Evening Standard Awards last year, and I was talking to Emma Thompson, and she was saying 'I'm really intrigued by your movie but I'm kind of scared to see it'. We were talking a little bit and she says 'I really love **GOODFELLAS**'. If you like that, there's nothing in my film that's worse than anything in **GOODFELLAS**, that's for sure! Then she goes on, 'I love **SILENCE OF THE LAMBS**, I love **HENRY: PORTRAIT OF A SERIAL KILLER**...'. If you can handle those you can handle my movie!"

Whether Tarantino turns out to be a major talent remains to be seen. Other seemingly hot young film-makers have burst onto the scene with an innovative, relentless debut, only to instantly fizzle into mediocrity - just look at Sam Raimi. But for now, those of you who have still to catch **RESERVOIR DOGS** are advised to do so at the next possible opportunity.



THE RESERVOIR DOGS OFF TO WORK

PUBLICATIONS AND EVENTS OF TUPPY OWENS & THE LEYDIG TRUST

THE 1994 SAFER PLANET SEX DIARY

A handy pocket agenda with a sex position and erotic event for every day of the year, weekly condom reviews, hints to try and a hilarious flicker story. Up front are international listings of sex clubs and societies, grouped into Fetish (leather, dom/sub, adult baby, slapstick, schooling, body decoration and miscellanea *etc.*), Swing, Hi Tech, Sci Fi, Spiritual, Gender Euphoria, and Nalarists. The best sex shows, erotic hotels and brothels in the world are described. Tastefully depraved, beautifully bound and illustrated. £6.50 from Tuppy Owens, PO Box 42B, London, W1A 4ZB, England.

THE SAFER PLANET SEX HANDBOOK

"The best little sex guide in the world"

EIDOS (Boston)

"The Baedeker of Sex"

SEXUALITY LIBRARY (San Francisco)

"A Guide Michelin for the Groin"

SCREEN (New York)

"An eroticismatological bonanza"

SPECTATOR (San Francisco)

More than just a travel guide to sexual fun around the globe, this book provides insight, and describes etiquette, rituals, and techniques, enabling the reader to enter new erotic worlds. Endless tastes are catered for and foreign phrases and a thesaurus are provided. Pocket-sized, soft back or filofax. £6.50 from Tuppy Owens, PO Box 42B, London, W1A 4ZB, England.

THE POLITICALLY CORRECT GUIDE TO GETTING LAID

Brilliantly correct little book for sex-starved politically correctoids and all young people stifled by anti-sex doctrine and love-addiction experts. Cartoons, humour and wisdom. £3.50 from Tuppy Owens, PO Box 42B, London, W1A 4ZB, England.

THE ORGAN

The quarterly newsletter of The Sex Maniac's Club, produced to give half its profits to the same charity as the Planet Sex Ball (see below). Offers its exclusive readership up-to-date news on sex clubs, festivals and events in London and around the world. Subscription per calendar year: £20/\$50 incl. postage to The Sex Maniac's Club, PO Box 42B, London, W1A 4ZB, England.

THE SAFER PLANET SEX BALL

Saturday 19th March 1994

Internationally renowned panssexual annual event (formally called The Sex Maniac's Ball) welcoming wild enthusiasts and fetishists to express themselves in a celebratory environment. Catering to every need, guests can try the playpen, cage, stocks, messy tea parties, exhibitionist's box, peep show, fool kissing. Competitions, fashion shows and wheelchair access. Run by 150 volunteers, this event is in aid of a charity which helps people with disabilities gain the confidence, and have more opportunities, to find partners. No press. Send SAE (\$1 from US) for your personal invitation which will be sent out several months in advance. The Ball is now on a Saturday celebrating the beginning of Spring, near the Spring Equinox. The Leydig Trust, PO Box 42B, London, W1A 4ZB, England.

DON'T BE A TARGET

An SM survival guide by **Deborah Ryder**

The pendulum swings: that is a fact of life. Censorship is in the ascendant now, but that will not go on for ever. In the meantime, we have to understand it before we can be confident that we are able to survive it.

Mainly through economic factors – since economic factors are the prime motivation for anything concerning humans – the political situation is changing in many parts of the world. And because the new regime has not delivered Utopia, there has to be someone to blame. Those who are “different” are the obvious target. If everyone was on the same wavelength, if everyone swung together, Utopia would be around the next corner, wouldn't it? But a few are spoiling it; the few who do not conform. The new fundamentalists must put the blame on others because they cannot face the fact that they themselves bear a large part of the responsibility for the world's ills. The new fundamentalists are the spiritual descendants of those who burned witches at the stake and forced Jews into gas chambers.

But they wouldn't go so far nowadays, would they? Give them half a chance! Do you know how many people have been murdered or seriously injured last year, 1992, because their skin is the “wrong” colour or because they are gay? Several hundred in Europe alone. I do not have the facts and figures for other parts of the world, but why should they be different?

And consider another murderous machination by those whose religion is bigotry. Such pressure-groups are making objections (in some cases going so far as legal action) against sex-education for young people. Condoms must not be provided. Only the celibate deserve to avoid AIDS. In the long-term, this should backfire on the bigots, since they seek to deprive their own children of the knowledge that would keep them safe; and

it is a fact of life that someone brought up in an overly-religious atmosphere will go out on the tiles as soon as he/she can. In the short term, we wait to see how far the law courts are constrained by the forces of repression.

But there is no point in going looking for trouble. Those who joined simply for the fight are of no use or interest to us. Being involved in a war detracts from the time and resources which should be dedicated to pleasure. And always remember that



Photo © James

pleasure is the prime purpose. Face that fact. Unlike the guilt-ridden bigots to whom fun equates with sin, we acknowledge that we want to enjoy 'life. Of course that diversion takes many forms. Being actively involved in the war against censorship is, to some, an ego-trip, and therefore gratifying. Don't knock it, we need them, be glad that some find satisfaction in such activities.

However, if it is not your nature to station yourself in the front line, remember that no-one can shoot at you if you don't put your head above the parapet. It is as simple as that. Yes, I am advocating cowardice. Cowards survive. A dead hero may be admirable, but the point is that he is dead. Let's face it, we are comparatively few, we can't change the world. Why should we bother, when it will change itself sooner or later. And why should we try, when those who change the world usually get killed in the process.

Along with the principle of KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN is another vital axiom: DON'T BE A LOSER. Only you can make yourself a loser; other people have no influence in this viewpoint unless you let them, so it is always your own doing. I am tired of hearing self-pitying wails from people whose activities have been curtailed when, due to unfavourable publicity? their landlords will no longer rent them the premises which they used for their operations. Why did those premises have to be rented? Renting means dependence.

Sexually unorthodox people are generally of a higher IQ: that is scientifically-established fact. Another fact is that a higher IQ does not necessarily go with a higher income, (job satisfaction may be regarded as more important) but, even in the case I am arguing, wealth is not an essential requirement. Mortgage payments are often lower than rent. Mortgagors do not give a damn what you do with the property as long as you continue to pay the instalments. Arranging the finance for such an enterprise is not easy, but it can be done if you have the intelligence and motivation. Taking the responsibility for owning property may be a hard step for some. And I find the concept of not owning one's premises just as difficult to contemplate. Another form of brainwashing.

AVOID DEPENDENCE. We are the elite. Only the lower orders rent. If that remark

evokes the label "fascist" or "Thatcherite", I reply "know your enemy". And, in some cases, learn from them. Delete the word "snob" from your vocabulary - if you cannot do that, you are self-condemned to a lifetime of being a loser.

Do not fear the enemy. Their only strength is in their numbers; they are mostly frightened people, so unintelligent and vulnerable that they have to invent a supernatural being which forbids their doing everything that they want to do - things that we dare to do, which is why they hate and envy us so much.

DON'T INVITE ATTENTION. If you see an advertisement for activities which are just what you are seeking, I suggest you avoid it; it will probably be raided. How, then, do you find kindred spirits with whom



Photo © James

to play The same method which has been used for thousands of years because it works): word of mouth. Personal introduction. Without exception, the successfully secretive accept as new members only those who are vouched for by existing members. Take the Freemasons, for example. They have never been "exposed" (except by the lowest degrees who had no access to the real secrets) because new members are recruited on personal recommendation only. Every dictator has tried to suppress

them, but they are still going strong. Whether or not they are as sinister as is generally assumed, I do not know; no outsider knows. Contrast this with the disregard for security displayed by (we can all insert appropriate names).

"It's a free country". Incredible though it sounds, there are still some people naïve enough to believe that cliché. It depends what you mean by free. It also depends on who you are. Some people are far 'less' likely to get hassle than others. Of course that is wrong. "The classless society" is merely a sick joke, but we cannot make it happen. We have to live in the real world. To keep it as comfortable as possible, don't make waves and protect yourself, if you need to, by moving up a class or two in education. The powerless are only those who think they are powerless. The inarticulate and the frightened acquiesce in their own victimisation. Make sure that you know all your legal rights (though you may be horrified to find how few these actually are), get a lawyer who is intelligent enough to be uncorrupted by orthodoxy and who is willing to be on call at all times (the dawn-raids is a well-known but still effective psychological device), and never talk to the police except in the presence of your lawyer. Never make videos or take photographs; in most cases where people have been imprisoned for unorthodox sexual activities, they inadvertently provided the evidence against themselves, on celluloid.

In Britain and the USA, we are living under a dictatorship which masquerades as a democracy. In a dictatorship, you can either join the Resistance (with a good chance of falling into the hands of the local Gestapo) or you can keep your head down. It has been done successfully, though we only hear of the failures.

A dictatorship must control the bodies of its citizens and also their minds. This is the reason for the present stringent laws on such matters as abortion and embryo experimentation. Do you know that, in Britain, it is a serious offence (carrying a potential prison sentence) to possess a gun? The government cannot trust its citizens. The only way to defeat the government no, "defeat" is the wrong word; we do nothing spectacular, that is not the object of the exercise. The only way to bypass the

government's regulations is to have enough money. If you want to possess a gun, for instance, you can afford to pay the subscription to join one of the comparatively few licensed gun-clubs (which have to exist because even the British government is forced to recognise that some people enjoy the sport of aiming at a target).

Guns have nothing to do with SM. The above was simply an illustration of the precept which all the sexually different must take to heart: DON'T BE A LOSER.

I now embark upon a fairly lengthy (but justifiable) digression to tell the story of the Birchwood Hall Astronomical Society. Needless to say, Birchwood Hall was not its real name (though this particular mansion had birch-trees in the grounds, which, in the circumstances, were very useful). The Hall belonged to one of the members. It just happened that an amateur astronomical observatory had been constructed on the premises by a previous owner. It also happens that the Universe is a subject of general interest, so one may be regarded as mildly eccentric but certainly not suspicious if one meets with other enthusiasts to peer through telescopes once a week. One member alleged that the activity was selected because the word "astronomy" contains the letters "SM", but this is apocryphal.

The Birchwood Hall Astronomical Society even produced an infrequent (undated) Newsletter, mainly cribbed from *The Sky At Night* (an astronomy programme on British television). Of course, they occasionally received membership applications from real astronomers. Beginners were treated to lectures (photocopied from a textbook) of such mathematical abstruseness that they (and most of the members) fell asleep; advanced astronomers left in despair at the kindergarten-amateur attitude of members.

The Birchwood Hall Astronomical Society was the most successful SM group in the country because no-one except the members knew that it was an SM group. That doesn't solve the problem of those on the outside who want to get in; but it should show them the way to go.

There are other such societies. Musical appreciation, for instance (bring your own CDs). This is an ideal device when the premises are not isolated and neighbours might be disturbed by unusual noises. The occasional discordant note will pass unnoticed in the melody of *Nessu Dorma*



or One Fine Day.

Large groups frighten the enemy; so the enemy hits back and, just at the moment, they are in a position to do so effectively. Stay small and therefore unnoticed. Having a hundred members gets confusing and anyway it is difficult trying to remember with whom you did what. 'This advice does nothing for the natural human desire to socialise with like-minded people, but would you rather be free and lonely or in jail because you went to the wrong party? The spy-cell is not an exact analogy, but close enough to be relevant.

I realise that the principles which I am advocating will necessitate a major change in thinking for many people. Logicality is not a widespread human quality. The scenario of when you see someone drowning, you try to save him (even if you can't swim) only creates more problems. Make yourself your first priority. A reasoned selfishness. Marching down the main street with placards never got anyone anywhere. Blowing up or burning down the main street sometimes achieves results, but is not recommended as it is unnecessarily drastic and can have unfortunate repercussions.

At the present time, we cannot defeat the fundamentalists in open conflict. In the end,

we cannot lose, but the problem is how to get there. Learn from the ancient Roman general Fabius Cunctator ("The Delayer"), who wore down the enemy simply by refusing to meet them in battle.

I know it is not always possible. This magazine in itself is an open challenge. There will always be a few champions who risk their liberty and livelihood (and sometimes their lives) in the sacred cause of Freedom, because humanity can no more exist without freedom than it can exist without food, and the fundamentalists' truly fatal weakness is that they have not appreciated this. For the rest of us, the non-heroes, the intention is to survive and to have fun at the same time. In some cases this requires a complete re-thinking of our philosophy of life. Always remember, we shall win in the end. That is as certain as the fact that the Sun will appear to rise over the horizon tomorrow morning (whether or not we can see it). When you know that – when you accept it subconsciously as well as consciously – you stop worrying about our casualty rate. All you have to do is to make sure you do not figure in that casualty list. Stop thinking that you have to carry the rest of "our people". In fact, stop thinking of them as "our people". If they can't carry themselves, they do not deserve that appellation.

Enjoy the war – the peace will not be so much fun. Some people like fighting, but we prefer to live in comfort, a long way from the battle-zone. Would it really be better if we did not have to hide? Certainly some exclusivity would be lost. Anyway, it's a hypothetical question. The fact is that, at the present time and for the next few years, we do have to hide. Some manage it more successfully than others. Because they are successful, no-one hears of them. So we do not have the morale-booster of knowing of those who have defeated the system. If we – even we – knew of them, their success would be imperilled. Take consolation (not very helpful, I know) in the awareness that they exist.

And don't just say "oh, she's being paranoid" and dismiss this article. I know I am paranoid. It is very useful that I am paranoid. It has kept me and my friends out of trouble on more than one occasion. SM practitioners in prison at this moment are wishing that they had been more cautious.

wetlook UNLIMITED



PHOTOGRAPHY:

P.M. Photography

ART DIRECTION:

John Garner

CLOTHES:

Wetlook Unlimited

MODELS:

Isabella & Andrea

**28 PAGE CATALOGUE
AVAILABLE FROM**

Wetlook Unlimited,

4 Ashwood Terrace,

Cumberland Road, Headingley,

Leeds, LS6 2EH

for £5.00 (refundable)









**28 PAGE CATALOGUE
AVAILABLE FROM**

Wetlook Unlimited,
4 Ashwood Terrace,
Cumberland Road,
Headingley, Leeds, LS6 2EH
for £5.00 (refundable)



TO BE OR KNOT TO BE

MICHELLE BAUER IN BONDAGE

A SINS OF THE FLESH special investigation by C.B. Walker

One of the most prolific among America's current extensive crop of "Scream Queens" is Michelle Bauer, star of such noted B-graders as **HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS**, **DEMON WARP**, **THE IMP** (aka **SORORITY BABES AT THE SLIMEBALL BOWL-O-RAMA**), **NIGHTMARE SISTERS** and **HOLLYWOOD SCREAM QUEEN HOT TUB PARTY**. Most who are familiar with the former **PENTHOUSE** centrefold's work will know of her adult movie exploits via a well-publicised appearance (under the pseudonym Pia Snow) in the cult favourite **CAFÉ FLESH**. What they may not perhaps be aware of is her dalliance with ropes, leather and chains in a string of fetish shorts, a subject which either interviewers don't dare touch on or she refuses point blank to talk about.

Yes indeed, prior to being a Scream Queen Michelle Bauer – or should that be Pia Sands or Kim Bittner as she was often pseudonymously credited? – was a Bondage Queen. Her plethora of appearances through a range of movies took place during the early to middle 1980s, from the bum-numbingly dull **KIDNAPPED GIRLS AGENCY** (which co-stars another prominent Scream Queen captured and bound, Linnea Quigley) to the relatively explicit **SPECIAL REQUEST**, sandwiched between such dubious fare as **THE GREEK FILE**, **WOMEN IN TROUBLE**, **CALIFORNIA STAR PONY GIRL** (playing at being a horse – complete with reigns and harnesses – alongside legendary sex-bomb Traci



Lords) and **THE TRAP**. It's uncertain just how many of these films she actually made, but here we'll examine just three of the most varied in their construction: **CLEOPATRA'S BONDAGE REVENGE**, **ROPE BURN** and **JANE BONDAGE'S BIZARRE WORKOUT**.

The focal point of these films, unlike most other adult material, is not sex – which is of secondary importance and often as not doesn't even occur – is rather creating stimulating imagery for those who are aroused either by the sight of women bound, gagged and generally degraded, or

by watching men being bound, gagged and degraded by dominant women. In most cases Bauer's role was that of the dominatrix.

CLEOPATRA'S BONDAGE REVENGE takes the straight forward story-telling approach and subsequently comes off as the most entertaining of the trio. It begins with Victoria Wilde as an archaeological student being sexually harassed by her professor and then accidentally bringing back to life the mummified body of Cleopatra. Removing the bandages she finds, not a deteriorated corpse, but a fully-fleshed Bauer who immediately demands that Wilde be her sex slave. After some tame spanking, Wilde submits to a bout of lesbian sex. When the professor returns the two ladies team up and punish him for harassing Wilde. He's stripped and bound in leather and chains and receives first a mild paddle beating, then the indignity of having Bauer tickle his scrotum with a feather. As the rays of dawn break through into the tomb, Cleopatra crumbles to dust.

Written and directed by one John Drake,





CLEOPATRA'S BONDAGE REVENGE is short – all the better for it – and Bauer's female co-star is relatively pretty. Despite the fact that the dialogue is inane and woodenly delivered, and often as not is drowned out by the irritating musical accompaniment, for those who enjoy their fetishistic viewing meted out with some semblance of storyline attached, this is probably about as good as it gets.

Those who would rather their bondage films were unfettered (jame pun intentional) by incidental things such as plot, however, might prefer **ROPE BURN**. Written and directed by John Howard, it doesn't even attempt to disguise the painfully amateur abilities of its makers – ever hear of editing, John? – and one fails

to understand how anyone could watch and be turned on by this stuff; given a camera and a couple of willing girls, even the most inept film-maker could do better than this.

Comprised of little more than prolonged footage of various girls trussed up with a mind-boggling array of knots, in excruciatingly uncomfortable positions, **ROPE BURN** sees Bauer in the role of dominant madame who for no apparent reason keeps two women bound and tied at her home. One is spread-eagled on an ornate iron gate, the other on a lounge beside the pool. After what seems like an eternity – and that's with the assistance of the Fast Forward button – the girls escape and execute sweet revenge on their captor by stripping her and tying her to the bed.

The shaky hand-held camera-work is abominable and aggravating in the extreme, Bauer's co-stars, Cody Nichole and Margarite Partee, are rather grotty, and with practically no dialogue and very little music it becomes a real test of stamina to sit through. It's also apparent from the grunts, that whoever is behind the camera is actually getting off on what he's filming. This is seedy stuff alright, and makes for uncomfortable viewing all round.

So we move on to **JANE BONDA'S BIZARRE WORKOUT**, which treads the mid-water between the plot and no-plot format. The title says it all: this is a send-up of exercise videos, and Jane Fonda's routines don't hold a candle to Jane Bonda's!

Again written and directed by John Drake, Bauer takes the title role, leading a



trio of participants (two girls, one guy) through a series of semi-bound exercise routines, culminating in a sequence in which both the male and the females perform (inexplicit) cunnilingus on her.

Brimming with puns at the expense of actresses who diversify into making workout tapes for a quick buck, the visuals are accompanied by such classy dialogue as "I'm going to lock your cock" (as on-screen Bauer produces a studded leather jock-strap and padlock) and it's reasonably light entertainment all round, bondage fanatic or not. The female stars, Christina Hill and Melanie Scott aren't the most attractive females ever captured on film, but they're a vast improvement on many of the women who decorate these movies.

The first half of the film, aside from the array of exotic leather-and-straps apparel, could almost pass for a genuine workout tape, but after a humorous diversion in which Bauer degrades a would-be casting director, it goes a little awry with scenes involving nipple clamps attached to the bars of an exercise cycle, and turning a girl into a human ice-cream sundae, complete with chocolate sauce, whipped cream, nuts, and cherries!

As with most of Drake's work, **JANE BONDA'S BIZARRE WORKOUT** has an amusing self-deprecating style and doesn't attempt to take the subject matter too seriously, which is in direct contrast to Howard's film. It doesn't take much to guess whose material is going to come out of it as entertaining, and whose will be the





work of a first class no-talent.

But it's Michelle Bauer we're concerned with here. These films have little redeeming value whatsoever, and probably would have slithered into the quagmire of oblivion that so many others have, had it not been for her presence. It's difficult to understand her reluctance to discuss this stuff. There's certainly nothing here to be proud of, but almost without exception the films are so drawn out and inexplicit as to be plain tedious.

Stranger still then that she should appear to be willing to discuss (albeit fleetingly and rather evasively) her role in *CAFÉ FLESH* – even though she maintains to have been body-doubled for the sex scenes. Some of the other adult material in which she's appeared (the lesbian scenario in *PENTHOUSE LOVE STORIES* for example), though still some way short of being hardcore, could conceivably be deemed as equally pornographic as anything in *KIDNAPPED GIRLS AGENCY* or *CLEOPATRA'S BONDAGE REVENGE*.

Great grief, even her role in *HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS* was as physically revealing as *ROPE BURN* or *JANE BONDAS' BIZARRE WORKOUT*; perhaps being naked and tied up has more of a stigma attached to it than being naked and splashed with blood, hacking someone to bits with a chainsaw. What do you say, Michelle?



ADVERTISEMENT

SECRET MAGAZINE



RUBBER
LEATHER
HIGH HEELS
FASHION
BONDAGE
SM NEWS
DOMINATION

"One of Europe's best collectable fetish magazine" - (Skin Two N°10)
"Probably the best continental fetish magazine" - (Devilcat Books)
Single issue N°9 costs £10.50000, subscribers are £40/00000, payable in
all credit cards, cash, eurocheques or 20 IRC's (international
reply coupons)

SECRET MAGAZINE - P.O.BOX 1400
1000 Brussels 1 - Belgium
CREDIT CARD ORDERS: TEL: int. 32.2.223.09.14 -
Fax: 32.2.223.10.09 from 10.30AM until 6.30PM

DIAGNOSIS: Venus' Disease

Eroticism and blood in the film DRACULA examined by Zuzana Sestakova

In the publicity, this film is called "the most erotic": beautiful women, kisses and embraces, passionate body movements, pornographic illustrations of **A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS**, splashes of red...but there's also the scene with Dr Van Helsing (Anthony Hopkins), saying: "the venereal diseases are connected with sexuality; they are so-called 'Venus' diseases" which refers to their divine origin."

Without this remark, the eroticism could perhaps be considered to have been added for empty effect. But in fact, it is there to show a very concrete relation between blood, sexuality and spirituality.

Carnal delight is a form of spiritual delight, as the body is a realization of the spirit. The Marxists had taught us that the energy is a form of matter. The converse is the truth: matter is a form of energy. Sex is a form of love, not love a form of sex. In moments of strong experience, the spirit pervades the every level that feels, so the body also reacts. In a moment of joy, laughter sounds, in a moment of pain, the tears fall (but beware, laughter can also be made by tickling...!).

In **DRACULA**, Lucy is the most immediate sex symbol; her provoked body builds up to the rhythm of the film's final confrontation. Of course, if there are reactions, there have to be reasons. An unsatisfied woman yearns for love, not for somebody to fuck her. The love of her three suitors didn't permeate to Lucy's core to calm her; she needed something stronger –



DRACULA

something, if you like, "more spiritual". Therefore, she called for and received the love of Dracula – or, more precisely, his desire...which wasn't destined for her, and so killed her. A wolf jumped at her excited body, and consumed her heart. It was not her desire for sex that killed her. Her desire for love was the bait for the devil. She offered her body and soul, and he turned her into a vampire. If an angel had appeared, his heart burning with passionate urgency, she would have grown into a cherub...

Mina too is driven by the same problem. If we disregard the simplified reincarnation motive of her relationship with Dracula, we must wonder why she betrays her fiancé Jonathan. Could it be a simple matter of lust? She turns the leaves of a book of pornographic illustrations and looks disgusted, but this look is immediately followed by a smile and look of curiosity; but with Jonathan, they "just kissed" – it's impossible for her to imagine doing something like the acts shown in the book with him. A tragic mistake is the conclusion

that everything "good" and "holy" is boring and unattractive, but the Devil excites immensely with his fatal charm, and so it is no wonder the more hot-tempered are rushing into Hell instead of to God.

It is not the Devil but God who is the love. The redeemable blood of Christ purges our passions and brings into the ecstasy the nuns – the Brides of Christ. Blood is the junction between deity incarnate and sexuality as love

incarnate. The three whores of the devil lick lustfully and greedily at the blood from the body of the clean young man. Every man and woman in this film is sexually motivated (at least to a degree) – every single one yearns for love. For blood.

Blood is erotic, it is the strongest aphrodisiac, the force of life. Blood is life, eros is the instinct to live. Love is life. The colour of love is red – as blood is. Life is exciting as blood running out of a fresh wound. The blood-stained lips of a beautiful woman invite a kiss. We don't have to be pathologically abnormal to get excited by the imagination of licking a drop of blood from a lover's body.

However, not once throughout the whole film does a real sexual act take place; it remains located just on the level of excitement. To plunge the teeth into the neck during an embrace is more impressive than sexual intercourse itself – they penetrate deeper...as far as the blood itself...

Finally, Venus' disease can mean a disease of love as well. God only knows how many of us are suffering from it...

shock system CINEMA

the **DIVINITY** guide to underground film and video

If you are an independent, underground, alternative, erotic or amateur film-maker and would like to see your work featured here, send it along. We accept VHS (PAL or NTSC) and beta (PAL only). Mark all tapes "for review purposes only".

LA SEQUENCE DES BARRES PARALLELES

In Kerkhof's work continues to mature and startle. His latest film, **LA SEQUENCE DES BARRES PARALLELES**, is a beautiful seven minute production that positively drips of high class eroticism.

The film opens with a rubber-clad woman stepping sensuously out of a limousine. The camera lovingly closes-up on her stiletto'd foot (a shot which almost made *Sal Volatile* fall from his chair with excitement when we saw the film in Amsterdam). She enters a dark, desolate warehouse, and meets two men, who proceed to chain her up and worship her body.

There is no nudity in the film, and no blatant sexual activity, yet this homage to fetish imagery is without a doubt one of the most erotic films to hit the Divine Press offices since **DIVINITY** first hit the streets. Kerkhof's direction is flawless, and the black and white photography both crisp and stylised.

Unlike some of his previous works, this contains nothing to worry the UK authorities. However, it is not yet commercially available. Instead, Kerkhof sees it as the first in a series of films with the same actress, Gabrielle Provaas, which will explore various aspects of her sexuality, which will eventually combine to make a full length feature. Meanwhile, Ian's second feature film, **THE MOZART BIRD** has been getting rave reviews at various international festivals, and his latest feature, **TEN MONOLOGUES**



LA SEQUENCE DES BARRES PARALLELES - Photo © Suzanne Walters

FROM THE LIVES OF SERIAL KILLERS has just been completed. More news on these as soon as we see 'em!

GAME OF SURVIVAL

While this short film isn't exactly "underground", it is a fascinating slice of subterranean lowlife that kicks ass severely, and may well be one of the tightest, harshest studies of America's lost generation to emerge in recent years.

Live Squad - for the uninitiated - are a no-nonsense bunch of street rappers whose uncompromising style is similar to that of the Goto Boys. This film was produced as a promotional video, and may or may not be available for public showing (certainly, it hasn't been released in the UK).

To the accompaniment of five Live Squad tracks, the film tells the story of a young boy's descent into criminality. After returning home to find his parents murdered, the boy loses his innocence forever. Ending up on the streets, he starts off snatching bags, before graduating to mugging and finally murder. Dehumanised by his empty life, he commits drive-by shootings, gets involved in drug dealing and gang wars, kills a cop and finally ends

up a fat, wealthy and callous professional hit-man. His life ends when he rips off a drug dealer; a female assassin is sent to seduce him, then shoot him dead in mid-coitus.

GAME OF SURVIVAL bears little resemblance to standard music videos. This isn't simply a series of short clips strung together with a feeble linking sequence, but is a tightly plotted production that uses the music both as a soundtrack in the traditional sense, and as a way of propelling the narrative format. Mark Gerard's direction is slick and skilful, his camera prowling and cruising with the action. And although this is a street story, the amoral lifestyle of the protagonist is never seen as being admirable; rather, he is a loser who is doomed from the moment he sees his parents bodies being carried away by the paramedics.

Live Squad's music is hard-hitting, pumping, aggressive rap that fits in perfectly with the visuals. The end result is a fine study of society's underbelly which blows most Hollywood product out of the window. If this is the result of film-makers and rap artists collaborating on ideas, then let's have more.

DAVID FLINT

noiseworks

from the haunting to the hideous – new musical excess

Forget what any overweight Fairhead media teeny might want to tell you. The truth might hurt, but truth it is: rock music, and the teenager that grew up alongside it, is dead. Dead and almost buried. Only the weeping and wailing from the better bands stop the corpse from being interred as they desperately seek one last look into the face of rebellion. Meanwhile, a thousand necrophiles fuck the rotting carcass and laugh all the way to the bank, carried along on a wave of clean, clinical and antiseptic digital sound.

Maybe we shouldn't mourn the death of youth culture *too* much. It comes to us all in the end, and perhaps there really was nothing left to say after Little Richard, The Beatles, Hendrix, Led Zeppelin, Alice Cooper, The New York Dolls, The Sex Pistols, Soft Cell, Throbbing Gristle ...when people are making music by banging on wrecked cars with animal bones and screaming horribly, where else is there left to go? Who else is there left to shock?

But enough of this self-indulgent navel contemplation, and onto the latest batch of hopefuls raking over the dying embers of popular music...

Take The Buzzcocks, for example. In the Seventies, they were amongst the finest of their generation, but now, they're just another reformed bunch of tired old farts desperate to relive past glories. Their latest album, **TRADE TEST TRANSMISSIONS** (Essential CD) is chock full of full throttle power pop ditties that you forget as soon as you've heard them. It's a pitifully transparent exercise in money grabbing by a group who know that their collective name will guarantee more sales than any solo project would. Except, of course, this album came and went without anyone



ROSE CARLOTTI OF THE HEART THROBS

noticing. Tough luck, lads the dream must finally be over.

For real Seventies revivalism, you should look no further than George Clinton, who's **FAMILY SERIES** has reached Part Three with **P IS THE FUNK** (Essential CD). Now, *this* is what we want – crazy, 1-o-n-g funk numbers that have a deliciously camp appeal that helps keep 'em as fresh today as they ever were. No preservatives are needed when it comes to outfits like Funkadelic, Parliament or the Brides of Funkenstein! These tunes still get the feet a' tappin' and the groin a' thrustin'. And the CD comes with extensive sleeve-notes from Clinton himself, as well as featuring

an interview *and* original radio ads for the records. Yowsa! Just the way to finish off an evening of Rudy Ray Moore movies.

The latest offering from the Cranes is a J.G. Thirwell remix of **CLEAR** (Dedicated 12"), originally featured on their **FOREVER** album. This mighty piece of work pulsates with a malevolent energy that threatens to send the hapless listener into a vortex of excitement. Thirwell's expert hand has taken a good track and turned it into a masterpiece. The drums batter you into submission, while guitars grind and bump like Betty Page in a frugging contest. A sure-fire dance-floor sensation, mark my words.

If pop music was any good, then The Heart Throbs would be Pop Stars. But, as pop is so dreadful, the band must instead remain indie favourites, the credible alternative to teen idols the world over... Their latest album, the risqué-sounding **VERTICAL SMILE** (One Little Indian LP) is a deliciously fresh and gloriously bouncy affair that rocks along in a barely controlled state. Tight, punchy songs, belted out with splendid abandon by Rose Carlotti, make this a recording to savour. Particularly delicious is the furious **STUNNED**, a ripping, cutting track that should have 'em bouncing in the aisles everywhere it's heard. Other cuts, including **LOVE IS STRETCHING** and **BROOD BITCH** take a slower but no less exciting approach to life, filling out an album that deserves to be massive. Thrilling and willing, **VERTICAL SMILE** is a work of sweet and savage splendour.

Even in these days of casual blasphemy, it seems a bit excessive for a band to be called God. But then, the music on **CONSUMED** (Sentrax CD) is pretty religiously uplifting. A mere four tracks fill up this gorgeous album, with swooping, delightful and disturbing sounds flitting across your head as you drift into another dimension. Atmospheric and haunting.

Also from Sentrax, and equally ethereal in intent, is the latest offering from Lull, **JOURNEY THROUGH UNDERWORLDS**. Like the previous Lull project, this takes the listener into another dimension, where the music pulses and throbs maliciously. Absolutely marvellous.

Lull's M.J. Harris also pops up on Multitude's **PATHOGENESIS** (D.O.R. CD), which offers yet more mind-expanding atmospherics. The ideal place for this is a sensory deprivation tank, where there would be no outside stimuli to interfere with your potential drug-free trip. Failing that, you can simply lie back, close your eyes and let the glorious sounds take you away. Thoroughly wonderful.

◆ SATURDAY NIGHT SUNDAY MORNING (Castle Communications CD)

is a recording of the last Stranglers gig featuring Hugh Cornwall. Big deal. Successful as the band were, the simple fact remains that they really weren't much good, and this tired and listless live recording proves it. Your "favourite" hits are all here, yet this is a rather pointless exercise, made more redundant by the fact that nobody actually *knew* it was to be Cornwall's last hurrah, thus robbing it of any sense of urgency or power that might have otherwise been in evidence. The end result is a pitiful effort that should have stayed in the vaults.

◆ Showing the Stranglers how it *should* be done, Sunshot's new live recording, **IRON BALL DIRECTION** (Deva CD), is a splendid slice of post-goth dancecore delirium, dripping with sweat and other unmentionable substances. There's a potent mix of powerful vocal performance and crashing guitar mayhem fronting the songs featured here, backed up with a hip and heavy industrial bass and backbeat that is hard to resist. And freed from the restraints of multiple studio takes and assorted overdubs, the band create a hot and sultry atmosphere that is so palpable, you'll



SUNSHOT

almost feel as if you're there yourself. Get down and get with it!

◆ Finally, we come to compilation album **MELT** (Work In Progress CD). Not for the faint-hearted, this contains tracks by such unrelenting industrial noise fiends as Whiteslug, Hanatarash, Merzbow and Husk, as well as contributions from Master/Slave Relationship and Zoviet France.

As you might expect, it's a savage onslaught on the senses that takes no

prisoners during its mission to seek and destroy your mind. Powerful stuff. Check it out from BCM WIP, London WC1N3XX.

DAVID FLINT

**I WORKED MY BOLLOCKS
OFF TO TYPESET THIS
MAGAZINE
NOW GIVE ME MORE!**

ON LINE PUBLISHING
c/o 33 Maltby Rd, Mansfield,
Notts, NG18 3BN.

SO DEPRAVED the Kill City Story

Sleazy Rock 'n' Roll picked over by David Flint

Kill City Records specialise in grinding guitar-based rock for the grubby masses. No bland dance-floor divas to be found on this label, oh dear me no – instead, the four CD singles issued to date snarl and spit venom at the unsuspecting listener with varying degrees of success.

All the bands featured on the label are making their recording debuts here, each given four tracks in which to spike the nation's drinks with their own brand of anti-social poison. Kill City remains, for now, a singles-only label, though this will change in due course. The four acts featured below will be waiting and watching the claqueter to see who opportunity will knock for in the shape of a full and fine album. Start to place your bets now as to who gets there first, boys and girls.

Without further ado, let's meet the fearsome foursome.

DOLLFACE METHEDRINE E.P.

Hailing from the wastelands of Brixton, this four-piece band have come up with a fine debut here. A quartet of numbers that are surprisingly melodic in nature, yet possessing a vicious hidden agenda that is notable in the lyrical approach of vocalist Adrian Portas, whose barely disguised contempt for life bursts through his performance. There's some fine, controlled playing here, with looping, twisting guitars and aggressive back beats keeping the foot tapping and the head nodding. Fresh-faced and restless, Dollface seem set to climb the plateau of achievement at a rapid rate.



SUCK HENRY

GRIMETIME – BLURRED

GrimeTime have a dreadful name and a dreadful CD cover, but things seem to be improving when their debut opus kicks into nasty gear with the opening cut **KILL SOMEBODY**, a rampant slice of aural thuggery guaranteed to please misanthropes around the world. It's a slimy, scaly monster of a number, spiced with threatening samples and beefed up with the kind of angst-ridden, self-pitying vocals that make this sort of thing such a treat.

Sadly, GrimeTime fail to live up to the promise of this mighty first blast, and their subsequent numbers are rather ineffectual, sluggish emissions that do little to impress or inspire. One number, **PYLON**, is devoted to those gargantuan steel constructions that stride the countryside feeding the nation with energy – hardly inspirational stuff, I fear, unless you have the train spotter mentality.

Also available as a limited edition two track 7".



JOYRYDE

JOYRYDE NOT A HOPE IN HELL

Reheavy metal act who seemed to always be on tour with Motorhead in the late Seventies/early Eighties? Joyryde seem to, judging from this debut offering. This four piece band (two male, two female—just like Abba!) play with admirable fury, and certainly have that oh-so-bitter state of mind that we find so admirable in our rock icons. But the record sounds more than a teensy bit like those denim 'n' leather clad rock chicks, with the same "real raw and live" (or, alternatively, cheap demo-tape standard) sound that Girlschool had all those years ago.

Of course, what was crude heavy metal in

the early Eighties is now considered to be grungy post-punk product, and perhaps Joyryde will find a ready audience in the hordes of sallow youths who are desperately looking for a cause to rebel against.

Also available as a limited edition two track 7".

SUCK HENRY SO DEPRAVED

There's fun to be had here, with a selection of virulently unpleasant numbers guaranteed to set the mind spinning in disbelief. While the band strike up a veritable cacophony of bass-heavy brutality, vocalist Michelle Yee Chong spits and snarls like a woman possessed.

The resulting collision makes for a scaring slice of no-bullshit grindhouse fury that is manna from heaven for malcontents the world over. Tracks like SERIAL KILLER and the title number leave the listener in no doubt as to the morbid fascinations at work here, but it's the gleeful deconstruction of VENUS that really pins back the ears. You can almost see Tempest Storm wiggling her hips in provocative synchronisation with this. A winner for sure!

Also available as a limited edition three track on clear vinyl.

So, a mixed bag to be sure. Suck Henry and Dollface provide the most excitement as future favourites, but all four bands have the potential to grow into something interesting, given time. Kill City must be applauded for taking on the thankless task of committing these rockin' rollers to disc; as less and less new talent finds the space to express itself in an increasingly tight and mainstream business, any label devoting itself to the cause of fresh-faced guitar bands needs encouraging. Check these beautiful beasts out at your local independent record shop.

ADULTS ONLY

UK & INTERNATIONAL CONTACTS

In Leather, Rubber, PVC wear
and Accessories,
Sub/Dom Scene, Piercing, Uniforms, etc.
Couples, Males, Females,
TVs, TS,
Correspond, Meet,
Countrywide, Worldwide

Send letters with sse to PO Box 8, (HH)
Romford, RM3 8EY
(Adults only, 18 Years or Over)

WRITER/ PHOTOGRAPHER

Working on Sub/Dom Scene wishes to
contact Females
18-40 to assist in research
GENUINE INTEREST
DISCRETION ASSURED
Can Accommodate Single Female
Assistant
Contact James

on
0708 370 383

for friendly informat chat



DOLLFACE

psycho-optical CULTURE

the most important cultural happenings across the globe

VIDEO

Im determined not to mention *that* film in **DIVINITY**, but even we can't escape from all things prehistoric. Video companies are hurriedly dredging up dinosaur classics from the past in a bid to cash in on the new trend, giving a new lease of life to old favourites like **THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT**, **GORG** and **AT THE EARTH'S CORE**. First Independent's **CARNOSAUR** is an exception in that it is a new film, released with immaculate good timing. And while it might not have the budget or hype of Spielberg's overblown opus, it is almost certainly a damn sight more worthy of your attention.

This Roger Corman production is a straight-faced slice of scientific horror, tied in with some vague environmental concerns and the horrors of - coincidence, surely - genetic engineering, and topped off with a climatic battle straight out of **DINOSAURUS**. Dr. Jane Tiptree is a government scientist who is officially working on creating the perfect chicken. In reality, she has developed a fever which alters the DNA of women, causing them to become pregnant, and eventually give birth to an egg containing a dinosaur (look, I know it makes no sense - try and suspend your disbelief for a while). Her plan is to wipe out the human race, giving the planet back to the dinosaurs. All that stands in her way is alcoholic night watchman "Doc" Smith and his environmentalist girlfriend Thrush (yeah, I know...).

What we have here is an exploitation film that is almost old fashioned. There are no giggling teenagers, no lame humour hell, there isn't even an AOR rock soundtrack! And it's all the better for it. In fact, the film is surprisingly downbeat, not least of all in the final scene, which has a matter-of-fact inevitability to it, and is all the better for that. In fact, the cold scientific attitude to



CARNOSAUR

the epidemic, the radiation-suited, gas-masked soldiers that descend on the town, and the idea of a genetic disease run rampant are more reminiscent of George Romero's magnificent **THE CRAZIES** than any monster epic set in a theme park.

Of course, the special effects in **CARNOSAUR** are pretty bloody awful, but so what? If you think that the technical qualities of a film outweigh the story and the imagination behind it, then you're reading the wrong magazine, buddy. It really doesn't matter if the dinosaurs are jerky rubber creations, because the film isn't being carried by them. But in any case, they are, for the most part, restricted to brief, dark flashes as they tear and rip their victims apart. And this is done with a fair amount of splatery panache. The face-ripping, entrail-tearing slaughter in this film seems to push the "15" rating imposed on it by our glorious censors to the limit.

CARNOSAUR was a real surprise - a film which seemed to offer little prospect of entertainment, but which in fact turned out to be a tight,

compelling little film which never tries to step beyond its limitations, but still ends up delivering more than it should have. Well worth a look.

♦
KNIFE IN THE WATER is Roman Polanski's first feature film, and also the only one that he made in his native Poland. There are only three characters in the whole movie - a middle aged couple and a young hitch-hiker that they pick up.



KNIFE IN THE WATER

The three of them go sailing, and the film explores the resulting tensions between them as each one struggles for psychological control of the other.

Polanski's direction is excellent here – almost *too* assured for such an inexperienced director. To create a film that has so much tension, without any real incident, is no mean feat. In fact, the film is a masterpiece of psychological torture. The husband, a wildly aggressive and egocentric sports writer, takes pleasure in trying to humiliate the young man, while his wife is ever more attracted to him. The sexual magnetism between the younger man and the older woman is quite deliberately exploited, and adds to the claustrophobic feels of the film.

KNIFE IN THE WATER is also a quintessential Sixties "hip" film, complete with the almost obligatory cool jazz score. It looks great, sounds great and holds up extremely well today. Whilst certainly not Polanski's finest moment, it remains a classic of its sort, and comes close to being a "must-have" item.

After a delay of four years, Italian horror epic **THE CHURCH** has finally made it to video, presented by Reflective Films in a strangely unannounced widescreen format. Produced by one-time great director Dario Argento and helmed by Michele Soavi (who had impressed many with his debut **STAGEFRIGHT**), **THE CHURCH** started out as a second sequel to **DEMONS**, before lurching off into a vague direction of its own. Much was expected of it, but it sank at the Italian box office, and failed to appear in the UK at all until now. And has it been worth the wait? Sadly not.

Starting out in the Middle Ages, the film initially impresses. This opening segment has a style and power that is startling, as Teutonic Knights massacre a village of supposed witches, burying their bodies and building a church over the site. So far, so good, and as the film moves stylishly into the modern day, it seems as though Soavi has transcended the failings of Lamberto Bava (clumsy and talentless director of the first two **DEMONS** films) and created instead a poetic gothic masterpiece. And perhaps he might have done if he'd been given a half-decent script to work with. But unfortunately, things begin to fall apart rapidly after this. Through a convoluted series of half-explained events involving

undeveloped characters, the long-buried demons awake, and begin to wreak havoc. The church doors are locked, trapping a number of visitors inside, as those possessed by demons pick them off one by one. All this might have been both claustrophobic and frightening if handled well, but here, the only effect is ennui. Characters are introduced so haphazardly and briefly that no-one really cares if they live or die; they simply haven't had the time to become real and important to us. Instead, Soavi throws in several rubber monsters, a few clumsy set-piece deaths, and a smattering of symbolism. But it isn't enough.

To be fair, **THE CHURCH** has its moments. Soavi seems to be more influenced by Argento's **SUSPIRIA** and **INFERNO** than Bava's films, and if you are willing to forget about being told a story, then you might find some satisfaction here. The visuals (Sergio Stivaletti's dreadful special effects aside) are highly impressive, occasionally stunning, and marry well with the musical score (a heady mix of Goblin, Keith Emerson and Philip Glass); one can't help but think that Soavi would make a fine



LEPRECHAUN



THE CHURCH

music promo director. But ultimately, **THE CHURCH** disappoints almost as much because of its moments of excellence as through its shoddiness. These brief flashes of inspiration hint at how good this film might have been (I can't help thinking how stunning the end result would be if handled by Argento at his peak. While often short on plot, his films at least made some sort of sense), and end up leaving the viewer feeling bitter at the resulting mess.

THE CHURCH is perhaps worth a look, but in the end only emphasises how far the Italian horror industry has sunk in the last few years.

Not that American horror is much healthier. Take **LEPRECHAUN** for example. This low budget, light-hearted movie is harmless enough, but remains a sad indictment of a genre that seems to have passed its sell-by date. A few years ago, this would have been part of the filler programme on a **SHOCK AROUND THE CLOCK** or **BLACK SUNDAY** all-nighter - now, devoid of even that dubious honour, this film, and others like it, slip anonymously onto video, where they turn a quick profit and lead to sequels that are no better, no worse, no different.

LEPRECHAUN has all the composite elements of modern horror: a monster that commits oddball killings and spouts one-liners; some mild blood-letting; a gutsy teenage girl and a solid and reliable young guy; and doses of humour and shocks that remain thoroughly unthreatening throughout. The film has a dose of sentimentality, in the form of a retarded man, and a "cute" kid who's his streetwise buddy. Much of the humour stems from the idea of a Beverley Hills brat being stuck in a rural backwater, and as such, rapidly wears thin. The violence is minimal, with a few gory moments, but nothing overly graphic, and the boy/girl relationship remains curiously platonic—not even a kiss is exchanged. As a monster, the Leprechaun is reasonably effective, a grizzled, impish demon with a cheery disposition who fits in with the "amusing yet scary" image of other little monsters like Gremlins, Critters, Ghoulies and so on. All these elements (absolutely none of which are original) blend together to create a mildly entertaining "horror-by-numbers" film that won't challenge even the most vacuous of viewers. Everyone watching this knows *exactly* what is going to happen, and perhaps that's the point. The whole point of films like **LEPRECHAUN** is to give the viewer what he or she wants, nothing more, nothing less. It's junk-cinema for the fast food generation. And if you want a quick snack of horror, then this is as ideal as any other anonymous straight-to-video flick. But gourmets will need to look elsewhere.

DAVID FLINT

With the release of his latest extravaganza **GOROTICA**, one reviewer called director Hugh Gallagher America's answer to Jesus Franco. Depending on which of the celebrated Spaniard's celluloid works the film was being compared to at the time, this could either be a compliment or the damndest of insults.

GOROTICA premiered in Britain earlier this year at the Scala's **FILM EXTREMES** festival and was certainly one of the event's sleazier entries.

It tells the tale of a pair of low-life thieves, Neil and Max, who have just carried off a jewel robbery. Max swallows the largest of the diamonds for safe-keeping, but as they're making their getaway he's shot dead. Neil takes the body to a nearby

cemetery and there he meets Carrie, a necrophile on the prowl for freshly dead company. She agrees to help him out provided she can have "use" of the body. They return to Carrie's apartment. Whilst Neil is out arranging to fence the diamond (which he has yet to retrieve from his dead friend) Carrie sates her desires on Max's body, then deciding to sell it on to a homosexual acquaintance, Blake, who's dying of AIDS. Neil tracks them down and the scene is set for a violent and depressingly downbeat climax.

GOROTICA is no-budget film-making to be sure and sadly suffers as such, most notably where the sound is concerned with dialogue occasionally muffled and background noise sometimes overly intrusive. Yet, if nothing else, any movie that opens with a girl using a skull to masturbate with whilst watching death footage videos commands the attention of the **DIVINITY** reader.

And what the film lacks in technical prowess it makes up for with engaging and occasionally witty narrative, a liberal sprinkling of sex and fine performances from its lead players, particularly Dingo Jones as Neil and Brady Debussey as Blake.

It's in the latter department that the film is really primed to win over male viewers, in the casting of Ghetty Chasun (a likely name...Ed) as Carrie. A very attractive lady, with deliciously pendulous breasts, she very much resembles a younger version of U.S. porn star Christy Canyon and steals

every scene in which she appears. Whether she's straddling Max's corpse in the bathtub or squeezing into some amazing PVC bondage gear to whip Blake (as he makes it with Max's corpse), she's a visual delight and more natural an actress than many of the widely acknowledged "queens" of low budget.

Despite a title which might imply otherwise, the blood-letting is thankfully fairly sparse, yet—with her own nipples and various other body areas already pierced—it's a stout chappie who can watch without flinching at the close up shot in which Carrie pierces the dead Max's nipple as she makes love to him.

Given the confines of video—which ever way you turn it an inferior medium to film—Gallagher's direction (he also wrote the screenplay, originally titled **WAKE THE DEAD**) is well accomplished, taking in some strikingly creative visuals throughout.

Unlikely to be found slinking across the shelves at your local branch of Woolworth's, **GOROTICA** is worth seeking out. Although many will find it inadequate viewing when compared to the acclaimed **NEKROMANTIK** (which, technical inferiorities aside, is actually debatable), as necrophilic movies go **GOROTICA** unarguably knocks the spots off the likes of the feeble **LIVING DOLL**, which cost a veritable fortune to make by comparison.

Gallagher's film version of his magazine mascot (and now sellout comic book star) **DRACULINA** is eagerly awaited.

TIM GREAVES



Guy Maddin's **CAREFUL**

FILM

Guy Maddin's best regarded art-house obscurity **TALES FROM GIMLI HOSPITAL** was a loving, comic pastiche of such dexterous period detailing that long-term kudos seemed assured. Alas, the film never hit the rep cinemas with enough thump to build the "heir-to-Lynch" reputation he deserved.

His new film **CAREFUL** is set in an eerie Alpine community of many moons ago where the delightfully draped populace live in constant fear of their domestic noises triggering avalanches. In this atmosphere of suppression and hushed emotion various incestuous liaisons—a Maddin obsession—begin to fizzle and simmer, ending in awkward eruptions of familial tragedy in a determinedly minor Shakespearian key.

Maddin's cinematic vision is of a world of celluloid textures and atmospheres more definitively from the early years of twentieth century cinema. **CAREFUL** takes his fondness for the sights and sounds of early film several steps further than the chilly grotesqueries of **GIMLI**... by lengthening the labyrinthine plots and making the obscure humour even more hit or miss. This is modern day magic-lantern movie-making that tries to get to grips with the elusive phantasms of cinema through an ecstasy of filmic fumbling!

The term "fabulist" has often been used in connection with Maddin's work. It captures the fairytale flimsiness of the constructions but misses the high-kitsch hybridisation technique of his work. Not a single scene in **CAREFUL** gives any indication of modern origin: everything swims in a glowing sepia light-fog; film texture is distressed to mimic the mouldering action of decades of forgotten archiving; the soundtrack has a deliberate rumble added lovingly to psychologically reinforce the sense of age; typographical linking captions are studiously placed off kilter; dialogue strains for the un-edited non-sequitural quality of turn-of-the-century screenplays.

It's a wonderful, if overly prolonged folly, amazingly sustained photographically but thin on the sureness of plot and dialogue that would have taken such an oddity into the realms of the "must see". Thirty minutes of his odd knockabout intensity is just about right. One hundred minutes of filmic in-joking pushes patience to the maximum.

Maddin is probably getting budgets too

large to discipline his wayward imagination at the moment. And cinema isn't perhaps his true medium. His kind of elaborate homage might be improved by sharper bursts on TV. Some sort of silent weirdo mini-series is the genre that would surely take him onto a national level.

Simply for their other-worldliness and unique construction, Maddin's movies will last through the critical radio-silence to become beacons of overly primed low-budget film-making. Maddin needs to synch his perplexingly advanced technical skills with a screenplay that connects a little more readily with the cult audience who are eventually going to break him as a bigger figure.

One day, the mountain of movie Mammon will come to Maddin and true revelations will ensue. Meanwhile, catch up with **GIMLI**... on art-house sell-thru and await further developments.

RAYMOND CHARVER



NIGHTLIFE

You may recall last issue's mention of the Submission Fourth Birthday party on July 24th. This promised to be quite an event, with a Fashion Pageant, live bands, sculpture and art installations, film and video (including the **DIVINITY** cut-up compilation), and over a thousand revellers from across the world getting down to some serious fetishism. Things didn't quite work out that way.

Submission has a disconcerting habit of

changing its "secret" venue every month—fine if you're hooked into the whole rave culture perhaps, but a pain in the ass for the rest of us. And this time, they'd made the error of choosing a warehouse that didn't comply with any regulations you might care to mention. The police found out, and turned out in force to close the event down after a mere one hour. The **DIVINITY** crew turned up to find a large, disgruntled but surprisingly orderly crowd stood outside in the none-too-warm August air, wondering just what the hell was going on. Word eventually came that the event was off, and we made our excuses and left before the boys in blue started to get nasty.

This monumental blunder gave Submission a gargantuan amount to live up to in the rescheduled event, not least of all for those of us who had shelled out vast amounts of money to get there the first time (and believe me, some people had travelled a lot further than I had).

The new birthday party took place on September 4th, and went ahead without further interference. I didn't expect much, and so was amazed at how good it turned out to be. The attendance was down from the hoped for figure, a fact that can be put down to people being reluctant or unable to travel to the new date, and the unfortunate clash with the final Der Putsch. But this aside, there was a great atmosphere, something notably missing from the previous Submission's that I've attended, and those who *had* made it seemed determined to enjoy themselves as much as possible. Live sets from some bunch who sounded just like The Cramps and the infamous Salon Kitty spiced up the evening, as did a reportedly wild fashion pageant. Sadly, I missed this, as I was stuck in the seemingly endless toilet queue (made worse by the closure of the ladies loo while the pageant took place). Such a glamorous life being a magazine editor...

The venue—host to the Sex Maniacs Ball last year—was fine and dandy, with enough room to wander around, a spacious dance floor and an intimate chill-out area upstairs, where you could have a welcome rest. There was also a "cinema", with video projections keeping the masses amused. I would like to point out, however, that the copious amounts of tacky stockings-and-suspenders porno tack being shown was definitely *not* compiled by yours truly, no matter what the programme and tickets said. In fact, the **DIVINITY** compilation was conspicuous by its absence throughout

the whole night, as far as I can recall. Too...er...meaty", eh boys?

The Submission party was better than I'd dared expect, and showed that the club can be good, despite the horrible house music pumped out ad nauseam, provided the venue and the crowd are right.

♦
The fetish club scene outside London is finally beginning to show signs of hotting up, and one of the most entertaining events to take place recently was Marquis' Masquerade. This Nottingham club took place at the end of June, and proved to be an instant hit with all who attended it. There was a good musical mix, ranging from Ministry to 2 Unlimited, and thankfully staying within the limits of credible dance music and solid guitar-grind rockers. The crowd was respectably full, especially considering the fact that this was an unknown event taking place on a Monday night, and there were some startling costumes in evidence.

Although there wasn't much "action" taking place, a few intriguing little scenarios caught the eye, not least of which was the woman who was using her male slave's mouth as an ashtray, and later had a whole line of submissives lay at her feet while she completely ignored them. A wonderful sight!

Marquis' Masquerade also had the Slippery When Wet dancers, previously seen at Manchester's Plastic Cabaret, performing in the bondage gear of

Liverpool's Hidebound, and this proved to be their ultimate downfall. Earlier in the evening, a few rather-too-ordinarily dressed characters had been seen wandering around, and we discovered that the event had been infiltrated by punters who had turned up to see Gloria Gaynor in concert at the venue upstairs (honestly!) and wanted to check out the freaks. When Slippery When Wet got into their routine, which contains such hardcore stuff as bare breasts and strap-on dildo touching, it proved to be too much for the club management, and the bouncers were sent in to shut the event down in a pathetic show of strength.

This sad conclusion aside, Marquis' Masquerade was a thoroughly entertaining night. They now have a new venue, who are less prudish, and the next event is on the 11th October. Check it out. For more information, call 0602 819113.

♦
And a couple of days later, you can catch the second DIVINITY club. Originally planned for September, this has been postponed due to the event clashing with Manchester's QUEER UP NORTH festival, part of which is taking place at the same venue, the Paradise Factory.

Obviously, you can't expect an unbiased review of our own club, so I won't rave on about how bloody marvellous it was too much. Suffice to say that we were pretty happy at the end of the night, which pulled in a congregation of just under two hundred people - more than the venue has ever had for any mid-week event before! There were teething troubles, of course - those who arrived early were "treated" to the music and lights continually going off while our performers Minimal Bliss went through their late soundcheck, a fact that left me swearing at the time never to have another band on again, a view I've since modified slightly. The band were also indirectly responsible for the violations of dress code that a few people commented on. Nothing could be done about it, as we'd agreed to allow their fans in as long as they stayed upstairs and "out of sight" as much as possible. It was a compromise for our opening night, and not something that we'll let happen again.

Other than that, things went fairly swimmingly, apart from a few dullards moaning about the music being too extreme (we're talking about Curve, Young Gods, Ministry, Rage Against The Machine here);

in fact, a quick check over of the sounds played later revealed a wide mix, with huge swathes of Abba, Utah Saints, New Order, Prince, 2 Unlimited, KLF, Dee-Lite, Shamen and Boney M mixed in with the gr-mangling noise merchants. But then, there's no pleasing some people I suppose.

But all in all, the DIVINITY debut went extremely well. There were some wonderful looking people in evidence, Minimal Bliss were pretty blissful once they got going, and even the moaning minnies weren't in too much of a hurry to actually leave. It's gonna get bigger 'n' better, mark my words.

We'll be back on October 13th, and every second Wednesday after that. SAE's to the Divine address for more details.

♦
SKIN TWO will hold the second Rubber Ball at London's Hammersmith Palais on November 1st.

Last year's event saw over two thousand people attending and helping raise money for Crusaid and the Multiple Sclerosis Society, and this year promises to be even bigger.

Tickets are available for £12 in advance from Skin Two (phone 081 968 9692) or will be available on the door for £15. See y'all there...

MAIL ORDER

The Superhawk Novelty Co. of California sent a copy of their remarkable catalogue, which is packed with the most fearsome looking sex toys imaginable. From neo-realist dongs like "Headmaster" ("he'll teach you new thrills!") and the aptly named "thick ones" to curios like "Alien Intruder and "Viper", there is indeed something here for all tastes and orifices. Those of you in search of ever more realism in your masturbation aids can get Cumming Dongs, outrageously authentic looking monsters that could be used as effects props in any wang-chopping splatter movie. Nocturnal amusement can be had with glow-in-the-dark models, and you can share your fun with a friend by investing in a double. Anal activities are catered for well, with everything from skinny probes to hefty buttplugs, and if you want something a little softer, why not try a jelly? Add to these a variety of vibrating, squirming and foreskin-inclusive models, and you are truly spoilt for choice. But there's more than just dorks here. You can



SLIPPERY WHEN WET



REALISTIC, from the Superhawk Novelties catalogue

become a Dr Frankenstein and build your own woman, using the false vaginas, hands, faces and rectums that are available, and "suck yourself" via a penis pump. Superhawk also offer a selection of condoms (including condom lollipops), lubricants, sprays, ticklers, cock rings etc for the times when you have the real thing available, and packs of adult comics to read after you've finished. Top quality stuff to be sure...look out for them in the better erotic emporiums.

Christine Rose also offer product that can be found on the shelves of Europe's sex shops. This video catalogue is a slim, four-page effort that deals with "S&M, bizarre and bestiality" ("yes! It really exists. The playful girls on these tapes like to share their sexual favours with our four-legged friends", exclaims the introduction). Films on offer include **LADY GOURMET**, in which "Voluptuous Veronica gives us a conducted tour through the world of female shit eating and piss drinking", **NAILED** ("finally she stretches his scrotal sac and nails him to a wooden board...") and a splendid sounding double bill from East Europe, **HORNY RUSSIAN PET** and **KGB DOG**. This film claims to feature an innocent young beauty with a "Mona Lisa smile" who is seen in three different positions with the Ruskie Rover. "The close-ups as she squats down and grasps and licks his cock and then shoves it in her mouth will blow you apart", the synopsis claims, and who am I to argue?

Friskey readers with pals in HM Customs should write to Christine Rose, Postbus 2162, 8203 AD Lelystad, Netherlands for more information.

DAVID FLINT

FESTIVALS

Refined, elegant, cool. **EROTICA '93** drew the Italian crowds in and that meant *anybody* - whatever age or preference. Mothers came with children in prams, couples in arms, groups of leering men and giggling teenagers. They all received the same welcome, a winking pussy, red flashing dick and a programme of hilarity and passion.

Nothing like a normal trade fair or festival, it was cleverly arranged so that, at no time, did you ever feel you were in an open space being looked at - it was all nooks and crannies to explore. Deep carpet cushioned your step except in the Perfumed Garden where neat gravel was laid between plants, tarot readers, sculptures and fountains. Tiny erotic photos, captions scrawled in silver marker-pen, were mounted behind black portholes. At the foot of a staircase sat a box inviting your hands, which would be greeted by the cold smoothness of marble cocks, breasts and vulvas. When you picked up a phone, a sexy voice seduced you, when you played with the computers, sexy messages appeared on the screen (perhaps from someone in another booth at the fair!). You could learn seductive posing and striptease from Italian experts, listen to erotic debates, get your rocks off peeping at the peep show (although some of this was more esoteric and mind-turn-on rather than genitally erectile) or have your body painted.

Vulgarity was sometimes intentional in the humour (like Burnel, the Alternative Miss World using a telephone to demonstrate a blow job). Mostly, the festival somehow managed to be sweet and lovely so it never felt pretentious like many

arty erotic shows. This year it had its fair share of participants from Britain - myself included - but it suffered from lack of input from the States, Australia and the Orient. All I can say is that everyone who's anyone should have been there. With the confidence of an international cast, next year's guests will be inspired to arrive in sexier gear, the organisation will provide a more multi-lingual programme, and then, **EROTICA** will definitely become the Sex Event of the Year.

TUPPY OWENS

COMPETITION TIME

Something for nothing time again, boys and girls. Get your thinking gear around these laughably simple competitions...

Connoisseur Video have kindly donated four copies of Roman Polanski's classic **KNIFE IN THE WATER** on VHS. A fifth winner will get a rare limited edition T-shirt promoting the film. To win, answer these questions

1. Which Polanski films star Catherine Deneuve, Mia Farrow and Jack Nicholson?
2. What nationality is Polanski?

Reflective Film Distribution are releasing the long awaited Dario Argento production **THE CHURCH** on video rental in October, and they've supplied five copies for us to give away. Just answer the following correctly

1. Who directed Argento's production of **DEMONS**?
2. Which documentary on Argento was made by **THE CHURCH** director Michele Soavi?

Send all entries to the Divine Press address by December 1st 1993.

LAST ISSUE'S WINNERS:

GOODIE BOX: Mick Slater, Sussex
CRANES: "El Diablo", London; W.J. Workman, Suffolk; James Owen, London
FERAL HOUSE: John Carter, Coventry; Stephen Massey, London; Brian Bashford, West Sussex
HALF DRESSED: R. Marsh, London; Jonathan Hall, West Glamorgan; D. Lass, Dublin; Hamish MacKintyre, Merseyside; A. King, Birmingham

Under the Bedclothes

Paul Buck's continuing guide to classic erotica

IRENE, real title, **LE COND'IRENE** ("Irene's Cunt"), was a novel published anonymously by Albert de Routis in 1928, alongside Georges Bataille's **STORY OF THE EYE**, also published beneath a pseudonym, Lord Auch. It has always been claimed that Louis Aragon, the surrealist poet and novelist, wrote the book, though he never officially accepted authorship. Jean-Jacques Pauvert, the most renowned publisher of French erotic literature since the war, says that when he asked Aragon if he could republish it he refused. "If an author publishes a book and later regrets it, he has a perfect right to forbid its republication, but he cannot deny having written it and at the same time claim ownership of it in order to prohibit its circulation." Nowadays it is credited to Aragon and listed in all his bibliographies. It seems something of a sport for French literary writers to pen erotic novels under other names and then allow word of mouth to reveal their identity.

These literary writers tend to write erotic novels outside of the usual formulae, seeking new ways to explore the erotic. (A recent example is **THE CASTLE OF COMMUNION** by Bernard Noël, initially as Urbain d'Orhac.)

In **IRENE**, a young man journeys to a town to visit relatives. Bored, he visits the local brothel where he is encouraged to be a voyeur on the antics in the adjacent rooms. Revulsed at the idea that others might watch him in his turn, he muses a story about another voyeur, an old man who watches his daughter make love before him. The story then shifts to Irene, and homes in on the part of her that fascinates Aragon the most — her cunt.

The first edition was limited to 150 copies, illustrated by five etchings by André Masson (who also illustrated Bataille's book) in the fashion of his group orgies.

Anais Nin, in her book, **A WOMAN SPEAKS**, says: "I make a distinction between erotic writing which is beautiful and which is as poetic as can be and pornography. I think that they should be distinguished, and there is no reason why we shouldn't return to the art of erotic writing. The Europeans had a great

tradition of it, and it was their best writers who did it. In our culture it was the worst writers who did it. Here (America) it was a degraded thing, whereas in France very good writers enjoyed doing it. They always did that as a part of the game."

Anais Nin became known for her **JOURNALS** and her association with Henry Miller. In later days her novels attracted attention and she is praised by women as a feminist explorer.

In the 1940s she wrote some erotica, collected in two volumes, **DELTA OF VENUS** and **LITTLE BIRDS**. Her preface recounts how she came to write the stories. "A book collector offered Henry Miller a hundred dollars a month to write erotic stories. It seemed like a Danté-esque punishment to condemn Henry to write erotica at a dollar a page. He rebelled because his mood of the moment was the opposite of Rabelaisian, because writing to order was a castrating occupation, because to be writing with a voyeur at the keyhole took all the spontaneity and pleasure out of his fanciful adventures."

Nin was encouraged to try her hand. "I felt I did not want to give anything genuine, and decided to create a mixture of stories I had heard and inventions, pretending they were from the diary of a woman. I never met the collector. He was to read my pages and to let me know what he thought. Today I received a telephone call. A voice said, 'It is fine. But leave out the poetry and descriptions of anything but sex. Concentrate on sex.' So I began to write tongue-in-cheek, to become outlandish, inventive, and so exaggerated that I thought he would realize I was caricaturing sexuality. But there was no protest. I spent days in the library studying the **KAMA SUTRA**, listened to friends' most extreme adventures."

Despite the demands to "leave out the poetry", Nin became aware that her approach was totally different from the role models of erotic writing, namely the writings of men. For many years she didn't reprint the stories, feeling she had suppressed her own voice. Then she reread them. "In numerous passages I was intuitively using a woman's language, seeing sexual experience from a woman's point of view. I finally decided to release

the erotica for publication because it shows the beginning efforts of a woman in a world that had been the domain of men."

Nin died in 1977. Her **JOURNALS** are now starting to appear in unexpurgated form. One series of extracts that explores the sexual relationship she had with Miller and his wife, formed the book (& film) **HENRY AND JUNE**. More recently another editing called **INCEST** has appeared that reveals Nin's sexual relationship with her father.

From the current world of sexual writings comes the American "queercore" writer Dennis Cooper. His novel, **FRISK**, concerns one man's search for his identity and fulfillment in a culture where morality has been doped out of existence. Sex, mutilation and murder are the order of the day in this story about excess and "power, its effects on others and, ironically, our powerlessness to move beyond, or back from, the fantasy of power".

Frisk is far removed from other gay writings for Cooper is more interested in the novel as a form of exploration than fitting into a gay culture. "**FRISK** is an interrupted novel, a kind of poison. It divides into different forms: diary notes, letters and sort of collapses returning to narrative."

"Frisk is about a person frozen and removed, it's about the discrepancy between what he (Dennis, the narrator) wants to do to people, which is objectifying and aesthetic, and what he can do, which is nothing — he can only write about it..."

An earlier novel, **CLOSER**, was brought to my attention some years ago, when a clipping arrived that read: "This isn't reality here, it's grotesque, well-written fantasy, bordering on pulp-porno-snuff films, but viewed through cold eyes in ordinary, modern 'Our Town' settings. The author treats us to a litany of sexual shock treatments (self-mutilation, scat, SM, necrophilia), administered by punks, posers, and twisted kids. This is the stuff they can't show on TV and movies because of the cost and the fear of prudes, the average mind. It's slick, bloody, violent, shocking, ultimately sad, and will probably sell."

Cooper is mapping out his world for exploration in much the same way as Kathy Acker did earlier.

DOMINA

We hereby announce the 1993 launch of Domina's own 'scene' magazine dedicated to all aspects of Corrective Eroticism, and the Restrictive Arts

This real collector's item contains 76 pages packed full with photos, stories, articles, letters, news, 'scene' discounts, and much, much more.

With a personal contact supplement where you can advertise ABSOLUTELY FREE. Domina is a must for any true devotee of the Bizarre, can you really afford not to 'submit'?

This very special premiere issue is priced at only £10 U.K. (or equivalent) p&p inclusive for the U.K. and E.C. countries. U.S.A. and elsewhere enclose 5 I.R.C.'s. Send cheque, P.O., or international money order, (no foreign cheques please) direct to Domina, 27 Old Gloucester St., London WC1N 3XX, United Kingdom. (Strictly adults only, age statement required.)

Available at last! Passed "18" uncensored by the BBFC!

IMAGE 37 PRODUCTIONS PRESENT

"... a spectacular display of fetishism, projectile vomiting and lurid, almost cannibalistic sex."

Headpress

ARCHIVE EMETICA

A SHORT FILM BY

DAMON BARR

AND

MARIE-ANNE FERRAL



Order direct from >
IMAGE 37 Productions,
23 Stanley St.,
Selling,
Northampton NN2 6DD,
ENGLAND.

Price - £7.95 + £1.85 p+p (1st class recorded delivery)
£2.85 p+p for overseas orders.

Please make cheques payable to CHRIS IRONS.

COLOUR/BLACK AND WHITE
RUNNING TIME - 23mins.

CONTACT CENTRE



CONTACT CENTRE S/M

We are a worldwide Friendship Agency for Dominants and Submissives of all orientations. Established in April 1980, our expertise and experience guarantee cast-iron discretion and big results. Send your advertisement of up to 100 words with/without a small photograph and a cheque or postal order for £8.95. If you live overseas send £10 or US \$ 20 or DM 30. No foreign personal cheques please. We help writing your advertisement. We will inform you worldwide on other organizations into this most exciting type of eroticism including those precisely into your fantasies, fashion or fetish, however bizarre or kinky. LADIES seeking (amongst others) single males advertise FREE. We cater to all needs. Our ever increasing membership include bisexuals, gays, lesbians, she-males etc. etc. Languages understood: French, German, Dutch and English. Please write to:
CONTACT CENTRE S/M, BCM CUDDLE, LONDON WC1V 6XX, UNITED KINGDOM

DIVINE PRESS

Take a look at these pages, then go back and study the mail order pages of previous issues. Notice anything? Yep. that's right, a lot of that wildly exciting product previously advertised is no longer here. Annoying, huh? Dontcha just wish you'd bought it when you had the chance? Don't make the same mistake again...

BACK ISSUES:

They're going fast - don't be the only one to miss out.

DP1: DIVINITY - SOLD OUT

DP2: DIVINITY 2 - SOLD OUT

DP4: DIVINITY 3 - Interviews with "Rocking Pin-Up 'Cat' and torch singer Melinda Miel...Joel-Peter Witkin's death-shock art...foot worship...Performance Artist Ian Kerkhof...8mm porno holocaust...taboos to view...visions of ecstasy...and more innocence-corrupting Insanity.



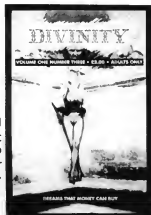
DP5: DIVINITY 4 - Interviews with

Boyd Rice, Paul Mayersberg and Richard Davenport-Hines...Madonna probed...Sex Maniacs Balling...Oriental sex madness...new Gay cinema...Sado-erotic Celluloid...mysteries of the hymen... sub-cultural mayhem...sex, punishment and death...and more delirious psychosis.

DP6: DIVINITY VOL 2 #1

Interviews with Jack Stevenson, Zoe Lund, Adam Parfrey...Dirty Dancing in America...Soviet Porn...the Nunbelievable World of Jacques Rivette... Braindead College Jocks... Throbbing Gristle... Fetish Performance... low-budget filmmaking...Bondage Furniture...Horny Home Movies... Drag Queen Exploitation... and more bare bottoms and dangly bits

Each issue is available for Just £3.00
(£3.50 Europe, £4.50 elsewhere).



MAIL ORDER

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

We told you complacency was a bad thing but you didn't believe us. Well now it's too late and the subscription cost has finally risen. But never mind, because it remains the finest value for money available in this god-forsaken country anyway. You can order the next four issues for £18.00 postage included and the more poverty-stricken amongst you can reserve the next issue for £4.50. For Europe add £2.00 per sub, elsewhere add £6.00.

DP7: HALF DRESSED, SHE OBEYED – The first work of fiction from Divine Press is a classic collection of powerful SM writing by Deborah Ryder. The book contains eight stories, each illustrated by Trevor Brown (whose work has graced the covers of albums by Coil and Whitehouse amongst others) and introduced by SEX MANIACS DIARY editor Tuppy Owens. This year's essential literary purchase! Available for just £9.99 post free in the UK (Europe add £1.00, elsewhere add £1.50).



SHEER FILTH:

Sordid blasts from the past! Only two issues remain available, so don't delay...£1.00 each (£1.50 outside Europe).

SF8 – David F. Friedman & H.G. Lewis interviews, Ciccilina, BIG TOP PEE WEE, Coil, THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES, etc

SF9 – Ari Rousimoff interview, UROTSUKIDOJI, Ed Wood festival, Archaos Circus, LA RELIGIEUSE, etc

T-SHIRTS: Summer's been and gone but you still have the chance to look like a far-out trend setter with a limited edition DIVINITY T-shirt. The original design is no longer available, so try our new range instead!

DP3 THE DIVINE DEMON – SOLD OUT

DP8: UMBILICAL – the classic cover to DIVINITY Issue two, in lurid orange print, with masthead as seen on the front cover.

DP9: DIVINE PRESS – the new DP logo (as seen on the back cover) with the slogan RESISTANCE IS USELESS printed on the back.

Both T-shirts are available in limited quantities. All shirts are grey and XL size only, priced £10.00 inc P&P (overseas add £2.50 per shirt for postage).

Make all cheques, postal orders etc payable to DIVINE PRESS. No foreign cheques will be accepted – pay by Eurocheque, I.M.O., UK sterling cash or US dollars cash. Always send cash by registered post, and take care to secure and hide any coins. We will fulfil orders as quickly as possible, but are sometimes delayed by stock selling out and other assorted pressures. Please allow 28 days before complaining vigorously. The DIVINE PRESS range of products are unsuitable for minors, and an age statement is required with ALL orders.

Send SAE/IRC to be kept in touch with future Divine Press activities.



Divine Press

INSIDE:

LYDIA LUNCH

DORIS KLOSTER

REVOLTING COCKS

ADAM PARFREY vs ANDREA DWORKIN

PHOTOGRAFICA EROTIKA



THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF PSYCHO-EROTIC EXCESS